The Aryan Path

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

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" Character is what God and the angels know of us. "—TOM PAINE

The educationist and the social reformer of today are seeking adequate answers to the questions: How to enable the learner at school and college to fashion his own character deliberately, scientifically? How to educate the citizen so that by himself he is able to recognize his moral responsibilities? How to elevate the political animal to the status of a moral man accountable for his conduct to his own conscience? So-called religious education and moral education have failed as instruments for character-building. Thoreau's question must find an answer: "How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?"

If, as the *Mahabharata* points out, the mark of *Dharma* (Religion, Law, Duty, Property of Man—the Thinker) is good conduct, then organized religions, codes of law, instruction about the performance of duties, have not succeeded. Why? Parents and teachers who try to build the characters of the young, or the adults who desire to mould and reshape their own, do not quite get the significance of a statement of Froude: "You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one."

Emotions play a major part in human behaviour. They provide the motor power for human actions. They imply motion. They move heavenwards under the impact and influence of the Spirit on the human mind and we have noble aspirations. Lower desires, on the other hand, arise from the response of our sensorium to mundane objects, which now attract, then repel, causing pleasures and pains and ending in, frustration. The Chinese, Mencius, refers to this dual nature of our character: "He who attends to his greater self becomes a great man, and he who attends to his smaller self becomes a small man."

Why are high aspirations necessary for the building of character? How

do low desires affect conduct? What part do Will and resolutions play in the activity of the emotions? What part, Thought and knowledge?

Character-building and the science of conduct are very amorphous subjects in the body of modern knowledge. Its devotees do not know what definite purpose underlies human evolution. Nor do they suspect that laws of Nature are intelligent expressions of sub-mundane and super-mundane intelligences. Devas and Devatas, Powers and Principalities, Angels and Archangels, are not realities to men of modern knowledge as they were to sages and to seers of the ancient world.

Our educationists can never succeed in formulating the method of building character or of assigning true values to human conduct or behaviour till they study the ancient doctrine of the existence of invisible worlds with their denizens and citizens, and the influence of these on human beings—infants and adults alike.

The fundamental teachings of the ancient philosophy are :—

(1) "Everything in the universe, throughout all its kingdoms, is conscious, *i.e.*, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception."

(2) "The universe is worked and guided from within outwards. We see that every external motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by internal feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse, given through one of the three functions named, so with the external and manifested Universe. The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, and animated by almost endless series of Hierarchies of sentient Beings, each having a mission to perform."

(3) "These Intelligences are dual in character: being composed of (*a*) the irrational brute energy, inherent in matter, and (*b*) the intelligent soul or cosmic consciousness which directs and guides that energy."

(4) "Man is a compound of the essences of all those celestial Hierarchies, and *may* succeed in making himself, as such, superior, in one sense, to any or all of them."

(5) "Man *will* succeed if he knows himself, *i.e.*, his constitution, visible and invisible, sensuous, psychic and spiritual, and then endeavours to develop his divine aspirations while starving his mundane desires."

To appreciate the great ideals set forth by Bhishma in the *Anushasana Parva* (CIV), the aid of the above teachings becomes essential. Says the *Mahabharata*:—

> Thou shouldst know that conduct is the root of prosperity. Conduct is the enhancer of fame. It is conduct that prolongs life. It is conduct that destroys all calamities and evils. Conduct has been said to be superior to all the branches of knowledge. It is conduct that begets righteousness. Conduct is the most efficacious rite of propitiating the deities.

SHRAVAKA

THE STUDY OF MODERN ARABIC

[**Shri Asaf A. A. Fyzee,** who recently completed several years of service as India's Ambassador to Egypt, makes here a plea for increased study of modern Arabic as a bridge between India and the peoples of the Arabic-speaking countries, as well as with the many other countries where Arabic is understood by a considerable portion of the population. Aside from its practical and commercial value, such a study would definitely lead to more cordial relations among large segments of the Indian people themselves. Interest in one another's language and culture can be a strong uniting bond, a long step towards the unity of all the sons of India itself.—ED.]

The Middle East is nowadays continuously in the news. We have before our eyes the remarkable spectacle of a great race exploited by foreigners and torn by dissensions, a race which is surely and steadily realizing its destiny. In Morocco, Tunis and Algeria, the French settlers have such vested interests that nationalism finds it difficult to rear its head. In Egypt differences have arisen over the Sudan and the Suez Canal between England and the largest Arab State. Israel remains a thorny problem both to the United Nations and the Arab States. The oil situation in Iran has become an acute problem, and the Kashmir affair is looming large over the political horizon both of Pakistan and India. Thus, in the whole of this belt, elements of instability are present and a solution is not easy to find.

However, a common factor in the Middle East is that, by and large, the Arabs have a great regard for the achievements of Indian culture and have great admiration for the personality and statesmanship of Jawaharlal Nehru. It therefore stands to reason that in the fields of commerce and industry, culture, travel and diplomacy, closer relations will be formed between the Arab countries and India in the near future. It remains to consider whether an understanding of the linguistic problem of this area will not improve India's relations with the Arabs as a group. The object of this article is to show the importance of the Arabic language and its geographical distribution with a view to advocating a deeper and wider study of *modern* Arabic.

Geographically, the original home of the Arabic language is Arabia proper, *i. e.*, Saudi Arabia, Hejaz, the Yemen, Hadramaut, Syria, the Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan and Israel. In Africa, the language is spoken and used in Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Lybia, Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia ; and in East Africa up to Zanzibar. These countries have a population of nearly 90,000,000.

Apart from Arabia and Africa there are other countries where, although Arabic is not the native

language, it is understood by certain proportions of the population, aggregating very many more than the total population of the Arabic-speaking countries proper. These are Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Bahrein in the Persian Gulf; Turkmen, Uzbek and Tadzik in the U.S.S.R.; Pakistan, India, Ceylon and Indonesia.

There are, in addition, other countries which, although far removed from the original home-land of the Arab people, possess a fairly large population of Arabs who have settled there for business purposes and continue to speak and use the language. (For instance, there are about 17-19 Arabic dailies in South America.) These countries are Brazil and Argentina in South America and the U.S.A. There are approximately a million Arabs settled in the U.S.A. and South America.

In order to appreciate the utility of Modern Arabic, it is necessary to have a clear idea of the forms of Arabic. These are three: (1) Classical, (2) Current and (3) Colloquial.

Generally speaking, the language of pre-Islamic times down to the Umayyads is considered to be of the classical period. The current language dates from the times of the Abbasids down to the 19th century; and the modern period from the 19th century to the present time. It is really this language, commonly in use in newspapers, letters and ordinary books from the middle of the 19th century onwards, which I should like to designate as "Modern Arabic."

One of the most interesting phases of Arabic is the large number of dialects which have grown from the classical stem. Unlike Persian, the dialects of classical Arabic differ widely amongst themselves and, indeed, even from the classical tongue. Without making an exhaustive classification of the spoken dialects of Arabic, the following are worthy of special note: (a) Syrian (including the dialect of the Lebanon and Israel); (b) Iraqi, (c) Egyptian, (d) Sudanese, (e) Maghribi (North Africa, including Morocco, Tunis, Algeria and Northern Sahara); (f) Yemenite and (g) Nejdi (Saudi Arabia, including the Empty Quarter).

It will be seen that each of these forms of the language has its own place. The classical tongue can be studied as a linguistic phenomenon of the greatest importance. It is the oldest of the following four Semitic languages: Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac and Ethiopian.

The classical language has a vast literature, and it is thought that some 300,000 manuscripts exist without any possibility of adequate study or publication. Of these, some

150,000 are treasured in the many mosques of Istanbul, and there are large collections in Egypt, in Iran and in India; for instance, the collections of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal and the Asafiyah Library, Hyderabad, and the magnificent collections of the Nawabs of Rampur.

European scholars have considered classical Arabic one of the best disciplines for the mind, ranking it next in importance to Latin and Greek, and equally with Sanskrit. Its grammatical complexity, its vast literature and its rich vocabulary give an excellent training to the student and a very sound foundation to the research worker. It is to be distinctly understood that I am not speaking of this form of the language, the importance of which is universally recognized, and it is quite unnecessary for me to put forward any considerations in support of its study. I propose to deal with the current and colloquial forms of speech which, in my opinion, deserve our immediate attention. We need to study Modern Arabic mainly for purposes of trade and commerce, for social life and travel and for diplomatic work.

Situated as India is today, the study of Modern Arabic should be encouraged in India, for, to us, it is the language next in importance to English and French, and of equal importance with Russian and Chinese.

Diplomas should be instituted in Modern Arabic at Aligarh, Bombay, and Calcutta to train students:

(a) to speak *like Arabs* and to understand either the spoken language of Egypt, as being the most useful dialect, or the dialect of Syria, because it is closest to classical Arabic;

(b) to read and write simple letters; and to read and understand the language of the Press.

The essential importance of Modern Arabic is neither religious nor even cultural, but as I have demonstrated above, it is important for trade and commerce, social life and diplomacy: it being the language of some 80 million people, covering an area several times that of India, and the language of religion and culture of the 365,000,000 adherents of the Muslim faith on the face of the earth. It is spoken principally by a race, mainly Arabian, which is extremely friendly to us, holds our civilization in great admiration, and has profound reverence for our political leaders.

A. A. A. FYZEE

AUSTRALIAN POETRY

A CRITICAL SURVEY

[**Shri Dilip Kumar Sen** presents here in interesting outline the rise of poetry in a new environment which at first seemed inauspicious. The gradual triumph of the poetic impulse over the restrictions imposed on the settlers by the new conditions of life in the ancient southern continent has its parallel in North America, where the authentic note of genius was heard only after a long period of readjustment to the environment. But the effect of the environment is limited. To some extent it may foster or may hinder, but the flame of genius is, after all, kindled and sustained from within. In regional as well as in individual and world history, periods of mental and moral rise and decline, periods of burgeoning and periods of quiescence, of activity and of rest, succeed each other in endless succession, as day follows night.—ED.]

Not as the songs of other lands
Her songs shall be
Where dim her purple shore-line stands
Above the sea
As erst she stood, she stands alone;
Her inspiration is her own.

G. ESSEX EVANS (1863-1909),
An Australian Symphony.

To her early immigrants Australia, " the last sea-thing dredged by sailor Time from Space," was most probably " the ghost of a land, by the ghost of a sea." The perimeter of tortured trees, the warm earth's dark deliciousness, the grey gum trees, those " strange Southern acolytes of the eternal Pan," the wind-swept plains, the sapphire-misted mountains, had little interest and hardly any beauty to those expatriates. They regarded Australia as an exotic outpost, obtruded in a faraway part of the world—a place where Nature was unfamiliar, trees seemed the wrong shape, the animals unnatural, the seasons back-to-front. They clung fondly to England and almost forgot their physical separation. J. A. Frowde came to Australia on a visit and found English life over again " all the same—dress, manners, talk, appearance—of our Wimbledon." Henry Kingsley, brother of the celebrated Charles Kingsley, voiced the opinion of the ordinary settler through the mouth of Sam Buckley in his novel *The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn* :—

Don't let me hear all that balderdash about the founding of new empires. Empires take too long in growing for me. What honours, what society has this little colony to give, compared to those open to a fourth-rate gentleman in England ?

Life was full of hardships and intensely dull, but the prospects of quickly made fortunes in this "haggard continent" made it somewhat tolerable. What would have been the reaction of these homesick English gentlemen, if they had read lines like these in their lifetime ?[1]

Dear land of mine, I will not send
One envious thought beyond the foam....

They speak of England still as home
It is not mine.

Or

Your London is a vault, a tomb
To those born 'neath Australian skies.

English songbirds could not thrive in the thickets of an alien forest ; and most verses written during the early period of Australian poetry can be fittingly described as the "dandruff of Poetry." They were English in subject-matter, in treatment and in outlook. The poets had learned neither to love their own country nor to see it with their own eyes. Barron Field, Lamb's "distant correspondent," chose to describe himself as the "first Austral harmonizer," and published in 1819 a collection of rather puerile verses : *First-Fruits of Australian Poetry.* W. C. Wentworth in his *Australia* expressed the hope that Australia would be a new Britannia. There were poets superior in merit to both Field and Wentworth—poets like Charles Tompson and John Dunmore Lang—but perhaps the soil was not yet ready for the sensitive plant of poetry.

This is brought out by the following extract from a review of Tompson's *Wild Notes from the Lyre of a Native Minstrel* in the *South-Asian Register*, of Sydney, October 1827.

A poet is made up of sensibility and imagination, a constitution of the inner man ill-adapted for the usages of a working-day world. We consider his, therefore, to be a perilous destiny to fulfill, one which none should rashly seek to draw upon himself. In an early state of nature he is not fit to tend sheep and in a more advanced stage of population he is only qualified to tend in the rear of armies, or wait on the idle hours of dissolute and effeminate society.

There were other handicaps too. During the early years of her history Australia had no tradition of literature or of the fine arts. The early settlers almost completely disregarded the rich but strange folklore and the traditions of the aboriginals. Again, the whole outlook of the colony was materialistic—the first printing-press arrived in Sydney in 1788 but no one who could work it was found till 1793 ! It is amusing to recall here the manner in which an early poet, Michael Massey Robinson, who composed yearly odes at the royal birthday celebrations, was rewarded—he was presented with a pair of milch cows from the government herd in recognition of his merit ! On top of all this was the convict taint which infected the spirit of the community with deadening result. Politically, too, the

[1] *Handbook of Australian Literature.* Prepared by REX INGAMELLS, (Jindyworobak, 1949, p. 2)

atmosphere was unfavourable. The different states had a strong feeling of rivalry, a sense of solidarity was lacking in the human groups inhabiting this continent.

But the gold rush completely changed the scene. This unprecedented influx of people from overseas was in itself, however, not conducive to the development of literature, as the majority were concerned, to use the lines of Richard Howitt :—

To buy and sell, their souls they frame,
The worship of the land is gold.

But it certainly did one thing. Those who came lured by gold were not so sure as their predecessors had been of being able to return quickly after a successful career as gold diggers. In many cases they had burnt all their bridges behind them and come to Australia to start life afresh. The very atmosphere was, to them, surcharged with adventure. The horse became an indispensable part of their lives and the wild empty places became dotted with tenements in which the intrepid newcomers roughed it. A new feeling of *camaraderie*, a sense of comradeship, was in the air. Charles Harpur, "the grey forefather of Australian poets," sang of stirring and romantic adventure; while Henry Kendall, who like Harpur was also bush-bred, tinged his verse with a Wordsworthian veneration for Nature. Kendall was not a profound or original thinker, nor had he watched nature with the close scrutiny of Wordsworth, but he had a true and delicate gift of song and fine emotional sensibility. The little things of nature, like bell-birds, had infinite interest for him :—

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of daytime,
They sing in September their songs of the May-time,
When shadows wax strong and the thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle.

A typical product of that time was Adam Lindsay Gordon. He came to Australia when he was 20, with echoes of the works of the great poets, from Homer to Swinburne, ringing in his ears. As mounted trooper, a horsebreaker, a steeplechase rider, a livery-stable keeper, Gordon spent most of his Australian life among horses. The rhythm of horse-hoofs seems to beat in most of his metres.[2] The figure of the stockrider in one of his poems is a superb one :—

Firm and upright in his saddle as a soldier upon parade,
Yet graceful too is his seat, for Nature this horseman made,
From childhood a fearless rider, now like a centaur he
And half of his strength is gone when he jumps from the saddle-tree.

There was not yet great literature, perhaps, but the fire of life was there; it needed only a talented midwife to bring forth a native literature. The midwife soon made her appearance in the shape of a weekly paper: the *Sydney Bulletin*, founded in 1880. Its aim was to stimulate among

[2] *Concise Cambridge History of English Literature*. By GEORGE SAMPSON. (Cambridge, England, 1941, p. 923)

Australian writers a love of their own country for its own sake. It published ballads soaked with Australian atmosphere. The bush became the poets' Eldorado. Like an alluvial gold field it was fossicked from end to end for pay dirt.[3] But the bush balladists, at whose head was Gordon, perhaps overdid their inspiration—they took delight in exploiting the indigenous idiom to an extent that eventually became wearisome.

It would be wrong to suppose that the literary activity which the *Sydney Bulletin* aroused was limited to local subjects; on the contrary, it stimulated authorship generally. Poets other than balladists appeared. Victor Daley wove dreams of exquisite fancy. In sharp contrast with him stood two other poets, Andrew Barton Paterson and Henry Lawson. Their best work was easy, vigorous, and racy, of the bush. Bernard O'Dowd has been acclaimed as the most intellectual of all Australian poets, and the symbolic revaluations of life which he embodied in *The Silent Land, Dominions of the Boundary* and *The Seven Deadly Sins* are interesting and often profound. In C. J. Brennan the Celtic nostalgia of an imaginative scholar became transmuted by its affinity with the German Romantics and the French Symbolists.

The modern period of Australian poetry dates from 1932, when Kenneth Slessor published his *Cuckoz Contrey*. He has been described as "fundamentally but livingly metaphysical." Another modern poet is Robert Fitzgerald, who is gifted with a pictorial intellectuality and has probed poetically into the minds of Tasman and Warren Hastings. Judith Wright, with her dark exploration of womanhood and fresh tones in local themes, is in the forefront of the younger poets.

In the '40's appeared a group of poets who were imbued with a new ideal. These poets—James McAuley, Harold Stewart and A. D. Hope—chose for their subjects the great myths of European civilization. But their outlook was challenged by another more powerful group, influenced by Dylan Thomas and other apocalypts. This group has chosen an aboriginal word to designate itself. This word is "Jindyworobak" and means "join." Its aim is to free Australian art from whatever alien influences trammel it and to bring it into contact with native material. As one member of this group remarks:

> We cannot be English or Americans, we can only be Australians and in so far as we succeed in being English or Americans we betray what is inescapably ourselves...we are Australians and that is something fundamentally different.

Ian Mudie, another member, draws attention to the significance of the aboriginal tradition as follows:—

> Deep flows the flood,
> deep under the land.
> Dark is it, and blood
> and eucalypt colour and scent it.

[3] *Some Australian Poets*. By A. J. Coombes (Sydney, 1938, p. 60)

Deep flows the stream
feeding the totem roots,
deep through the time of dream
in Alcheringa.

This cult of aboriginalism is not something completely new. Harpur long ago wrote a ballad in which he recounted the dastardly murder of an aboriginal and the murderer's subsequent haunted death; and Kendall used aboriginal place names to fine effect. G. G. McCrea wrote, in his earlier days, two poems founded on aboriginal legends; but this modern impulse is more intense and springs out of a deep-seated feeling of nationalism.

Poetry in Australia has taken an interesting turn. The Australian poet is now thrilled and animated by a new sense of assisting at the bringing to birth of a new culture. He regards his country as:

The scroll on which we are to write
Mythologies our own and epics new.

Lovers of literature throughout the world are probably watching with keen interest this grand experiment in the fusion of cultures and are looking forward to "Mythologies...and epics new."

DILIP KUMAR SEN

NATURE CURE

[**Dr. J. M. Jussawalla, N.D., D.O., D.C. (England),** who is doing much good through his Nature Cure Clinic and his private practice in Bombay, presents here the sound philosophical basis on which rests this rational medical system of therapeutics which takes into account, as psychosomatic medicine generally is coming to do, the importance to bodily health of the mental and emotional attitude.—ED.]

'Why proceed year after year searching, hoping, groping for the artificial remedy, when the natural is at hand ?'—DR. ELMER LEE.

Nature Cure is a comprehensive term applied to all methods of treating disease which aim at co-operating with the natural forces and defensive mechanism of the body. It is a distinct system of healing based upon its own philosophy of health and disease. Nature Cure is not a collection of fads and notions, as is popularly supposed. Neither is it a scheme for returning to wild life in the woods. It may be defined as an art, a science, a philosophy and a practice following definite physical, chemical, biological, mental and spiritual laws for the restoration and maintenance of health and the correction of bodily disorders without the use of poisonous drugs.

The natural state of the human body should be that of perfect health. In every living thing—plant, animal or man—there is life. What this mysterious "life" is nobody knows. But the first principle of Nature Cure is that this life-force or life-energy in every living thing always reaches towards perfect health. The body possesses its own inherent "self-curative" forces. Within every living body there are sufficient resources of vitality to overcome temporary disability caused by outer circumstances. As soon as the material and other conditions necessary for its restoration to health are provided, the body immediately carries out its plan of reconstruction, and health follows as a natural corollary. Animals instinctively make use of this vital force when they become ill, and work with Nature towards the natural restoration of their well-being.

There is only one cause of disease, although the disease may manifest itself in various forms and in different degrees of severity. Barring trauma (injury) and surroundings uncongenial to human life, the primary cause of all diseases is violation of Nature's laws. Violation of Nature's laws in thinking, breathing, eating, drinking, dressing, working, resting, as well as in moral, social and sexual conduct, results in certain primary and secondary manifestations of disease.

All diseases are in reality self-purifying efforts on the part of Nature. "Give me fever and I can cure every disease"; so Hippocrates,

called the Father of Medicine, formulated the fundamental law of cure over 2,000 years ago. The same law has been expressed by Dr. Henry Lindlahr, the pillar of the Nature Cure movement, in the following statement: "Every acute disease is the result of a cleansing and healing effort of Nature." Making a general application of this law, we deduce that all diseases, from a simple cold to measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, etc., represent Nature's effort to remove from the system some form of morbid matter, some virus or poison dangerous to health and life.

This profoundly sane teaching would be more generally acceptable if people's minds were not so hypnotized by the "disease germ" idea, which has been disastrously exaggerated and misunderstood by prevailing medical thought. Nature Cure does not neglect the increased knowledge of the human body in modern times nor does it deny the existence of microbes—misnamed "disease germs." But it teaches that these disease germs do not begin the trouble. They appear and flourish only where there is morbid matter. No "infectious disease" can be "caught" unless there is already a "soil" in which the germs can thrive.

Consequently, Nature Cure holds that disease and ill-health of every description can only be really cleared out and got rid of by making way for Nature; by removing as far as possible all that hinders Nature's self-purifying impulse and by raising the tone and condition of the whole system, so that this natural, self-cleansing and reconstructive principle can do its work safely and completely. This is the essence of Nature Cure philosophy and practice: that healing comes from within —the *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*. The function of the physician is to help to secure conditions, physical and mental, wherein it will manifest more adequately.

The principal tools which Nature Cure uses in maintaining and restoring health are diet, rest, exercise, sunlight and fresh air. Hydrotherapy (water treatment), electrotherapy, massage, corrective manipulations and gymnastics are natural systems of treatment which have been developed to facilitate and accelerate natural healing.

Nature Cure fits every case because it includes everything good in natural healing methods. In stubborn cases Nature Cure is not to be blamed for the slow results. The difficulty lies in the character and advanced stage of the disease and the failure to turn to natural methods soon enough.

Chronic disease is the result of several years of wrong living and thinking, and it cannot be cured in a day or a month. That does not mean that it is incurable, because there is a chance of complete recovery in the natural methods of living and of treatment. Through natural diet the blood will receive its normal constituents in the right propor-

tions. Through hydrotherapy, massage, curative exercises, air and sun baths, the blood is purified and every cell in the human body is made more alive and more active, thus arousing the entire organism to throw off the encumbrances which were clogging the blood channels and causing actual destruction. Osteopathy and Chiropractic must correct the mechanical lesions in the bony structure, the muscles and the ligaments, and thus remove abnormal pressure from the nerves and the blood-vessels.

The mental and emotional attitude must be harmonious and constructive in order to ensure the best work of the great Life Force—the Healing Power—on which depends the purification and regeneration of the human organism.

Results in every case depend in a large degree upon a patient's co-operative effort. So, whether you are ill or well, learn to live *in tune with Nature.*

J. M. JUSSAWALLA

ANCIENT IDEALS IN MODERN LIFE

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who presided over the Anniversary Celebration of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute of Poona on August 25th, called the *Mahabharata*, which that Institute is critically editing, "the spirit and sweetness of India." Formally announcing the publication of the 23rd fascicle of the Institute's recension, he predicted that for centuries to come the world would regard that national epic of India as a "great monument for the benefit of mankind." He mentioned as two fruits of *sansar* "the enjoyment of literature" and "conversation with the great." These are properly associated because, through the written record, communion with great minds of the past remains possible to succeeding generations.

The idea of detachment preached in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, part of the *Mahabharata*, was mentioned by Dr. Radhakrishnan at that scholarly gathering as characteristic of the true philosopher. He gave it a wider application the same day at a large public meeting organized by the South Indian Association of Poona, at which he said:—

> If India is to make progress and contribute something to the world, it can be achieved only through comprehension and not negation, through understanding and not exclusion of other peoples in the world.

Grave defects and insufficiencies, he recognized, did mark Communism as well as Democracy, but it was impossible, he said, to ignore a movement which stirred a substantial section of mankind. The world needed "a mutual adjustment of the two systems to usher in universal peace." The ancient Indian scriptures, like the Vedas, preached against mutual exclusion. "The people of India," he declared, "must understand and practise these principles to the advantage of mankind."

HISTORY AND TENETS OF THE WALDENSES

[This study of the beliefs and vicissitudes of the Waldenses complements interestingly the study of their co-sufferers under persecution which **M. M. A. Moyal** contributed to our pages in December 1948 under the title, "History and Tenets of the Albigenses."—Ed.]

In the early Middle Ages, it was the expectation of many that the 1,000th anniversary of Jesus' birth would witness the end of the world. All over Christendom, to work their passage to Paradise, thousands of people donated their earthly belongings to the Holy See. Such an accumulation of wealth, and the previous territorial acquisition of "St. Peter's Patrimony," over which the Popes ruled as temporal rulers, confirmed them in their authoritarian and centralizing tendencies. This authoritarianism accounts for the Great Schism of 1054, which divided Christendom into the Roman Catholic or Western and the Greek Orthodox or Eastern Churches.

As the great wealth and power of the Roman Catholic clergy did not go without a certain element of corruption, many free minds in Western Europe began to question the need for a privileged caste of priests. Such were soon to advocate the liberty of every believer to interpret Holy Writ according to his own conscience so as to return to the humility of the first Christians. Among these champions of freedom of mind, in the face of temporal rulers and priests alike, were Peter de Bruys, who did his most important work at Toulouse; Henry de Cluny, from Le Mans; Arnold, from Brescia, and Pierre Waldo from Lyons. The first three began their preaching in the first half of the 12th century. Pierre Waldo, who began his work in 1173, was the founder of the Waldensian sect, which eventually absorbed the followings of the three previous reformers and took on most of their teachings. Most of the mediæval anti-Catholic sects are extinct, but the Waldensian sect is still in existence. It preceded the establishment of the Protestant Churches by three centuries and a half.

Pierre Waldo was an intensely religious merchant from Lyons. As he was too untutored to understand Latin, he got the New Testament translated into the local vernacular. Striving to live in the spirit of Jesus,

he shared all his great wealth among the poor and began teaching in public the need for voluntary poverty. He soon wondered whether man-made laws had any value before God and reached the conclusion that no man had the right to take life, which is God-given. He seems to have forbidden swearing oaths under any circumstances and rejected as entirely valueless prayers and alms on behalf of the souls of the dead.

Pierre Waldo soon gathered a large following and sent lay preachers, both men and women, of humble birth and untutored like himself, to spread his teachings far and wide, holding that there was no need for a preacher to be consecrated a priest by a Bishop, so long as he was moved to preach by a deep faith.

The Archbishop of Lyons wanted to restrain him from interpreting the Gospels and preaching. Pierre Waldo made light of the interdiction, on the strength of two texts: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations" and "We ought to obey God rather than men." The Waldenses were expelled from Lyons and excommunicated in 1184 at the Council of Verona. Pierre Waldo took the position that he was not to obey a man (the Pope) who was forbidding what Jesus had commanded to be done. He complained that he and his followers were treated by the clergy in exactly the same way as the Apostles had been treated by the Scribes and the Pharisees when the former were expelled from the synagogues for spreading Jesus' teachings.

Pierre Waldo held that it was not that his sect was seceding from Catholicism, but Catholicism from his sect. He termed his followers "the only Primitive Christians, heirs to the original Church" and meant to preserve them from the "successive alterations introduced by Rome in the Evangelical cult."

Nevertheless, the organization of the Waldensian Church, which superseded the simple system of Waldo's life-time, with its annually elected *ministri*, retained many Roman Catholic features as the Anglican Church did.[1] Thus, later Waldensian priests made vows of obedience, chastity and poverty. The community had Bishops, priests or *Barbes* and Deacons, in charge of the material administration of the Church's affairs. Many of the *Barbes* were trained at the religious centre at Milan.

The community was thus divided into laymen or "Believers" and priests or *Barbes* (as all Waldensian priests were subsequently called). Hence the popular nickname attached to the followers of the sect, —*Barbets* (water-spaniels). As the only distinctive sign of their office, priests wore sandals perforated in the shape of a cross.

[1] Quite a few of these features were to be jettisoned under the influence of Calvin, who was to have, four centuries later, considerable influence on the doctrines of the then much persecuted and decimated Waldenses.

Every community had a *Hospice* offering hospitality to itinerant missionaries, where the "Believers" assembled to hear them preach. The service consisted of readings of selected chapters from the New Testament, followed by a sermon, after which the kneeling congregation prayed. After the service, the *Barbes* would hear the voluntary confessions of "Believers," but were not entitled to absolve them, as the sect held that only God could do so. Sinners were made to fast and to pray. Children were baptized by sprinkling.

The tenets held by the Waldenses include the following:—

No good works wrought by man can make amends for his sins, or acquire merit. (This is tantamount to Calvin's dogma of Predestination, though the Waldenses thought of it only as God's foreknowledge.) There is no purgatory.

No priest, no man, can turn the Host into the body of Jesus. (This is a denial of Transubstantiation.)

The sacrifice of the Mass is an abomination.

God's grace does not depend on sacraments; these are only symbolical.

Jesus is the only intercessor; one ought to imitate the Saints, but not invoke them. Their cult is tantamount to idolatry and their images ought to be removed from churches.

Baptism is only a symbol of regeneration; actual regeneration takes place only if and when there is a living faith.

The ordination of the priest is not founded upon Holy Writ.

Confession of sins is only to God; anybody, even a layman, can hear a confession.

Matrimony is dissolved *ipso facto* by adultery.

Every Christian is a Prophet and a King and can make sure through the Holy Scriptures whether he is really taught the Word of God, and he ought to make all the efforts that he can to propagate it. As Prophets and Kings, all Christians are entitled to take part in the government of the Church.

The following are some of the early Waldensian texts: *La Barca*, a poem of 56 stanzas representing man's life as a boat sailing towards the heavenly haven, and the seafarers will reach the goal only if they take Jesus as the pilot and His merits as their only treasure; *Le Novel Sermon* sets out to expose the error of the ways of a mundane world and the need for serving God; *Le Novel Comfort*, in 75 stanzas, seeks to hearten the Believer in his rejection of a mundane life and encourages him to work at his salvation through the Gospels; *La Noble Leyczon* is a poem on the three laws—of Nature, of Moses and of the Gospels; another poem paraphrases the Parable of the Sower, etc.

Besides their great historic and religious interest, the Waldensian books are claimed to have been com-

posed about the end of the 12th century and so to possess a unique philosophical interest, for they were written in the Southern Romance language spoken at that time in the region about Lyons. Nearly all the important texts of the Middle Ages were written in Latin, and, to find an equivalent of the Waldensian texts, the scholar has to go back to the 9th century "Oath of Strasbourg," a mutual security pact made between Charles the Bald of France and Louis the German against their brother and rival, Lothair of Lotharingia. In order that the soldiers of both rulers might understand what it was all about, this pact was couched in the spoken language of both countries.

Waldensian literature, including, besides these books, many sermons of preachers and the voluminous correspondence exchanged between the sect and Luther and Calvin, all written in this vernacular, contains some of the earliest Romance texts. In order to study these, scholars are drawn to the so-called Waldensian Valleys, high and bleak valleys in the heart of the lofty Alps, to which the persecuted sect took about the 14th century. The Waldenses today, perhaps 50,000 strong, form a compact community, still passionately devoted to their forefathers' tenets and speaking both a Romance *patois* and French as well as Italian, though they are Italians by nationality.

This highland community is about all that is left of the many followers the Waldenses boasted in the Middle Ages. Some of the first disciples of Pierre Waldo were itinerant hawkers and weavers and this fact goes to explain how his teachings soon spread like wild-fire over Europe, from Bulgaria to Spain. As early as 1197 King Pierre II of Aragon ordered all his Waldensian subjects beheaded.

These champions of the freedom of conscience in the face of Rome's absolutism were butchered like wild beasts and burnt at the stake in gigantic *autos-da-fé* ("acts of faith" —what irony!). Their pitiless persecution at the hands of the Inquisition constitutes one of the darkest blots on the record of the Roman Catholic Church.

When, in 1209, Pope Innocent III instituted a crusade against both Waldenses and Albigenses, mainly concentrated in the south of France,[2] hundreds of thousands of Northern adventurers, caring far less about the salvation of their souls (which was promised by the Pope) than for the prospect of plundering one of the richest and most civilized regions in Europe, rushed to attack Count Raymond of Toulouse, protector of both these sects. The Crusaders put to the sword whole populations of cities taken by storm. The Crusade lasted for 20 years and cost hundreds of thousands of lives.

The Waldenses' joining hands with the various proponents of the Reformation touched off a second wave of persecutions. The troops of King Francis I of France slaughtered, in

[2] There is a tendency to lump both sects together because they were allied against Rome and suffered from the same persecutions, but the Waldenses did not profess the Manichæan tenets of the Albigenses.

1545, the whole populations of Mérindol and Cabriès, two Waldensian towns in Provence. The accession to the throne of the once Protestant King Henry IV of France brought a respite to the French Waldenses. Like all Protestants in France, under the terms of the Edict of Nantes, they were granted freedom of worship and certain guarantees against the renewal of persecutions.

But their co-religionists in the Duchy of Savoy were to fare far worse. In 1655, the troops of the Duke of Savoy tried to butcher the Waldenses wholesale. They put three Waldensian valleys to the sword; some fortunately were forewarned and escaped. The Protestant states in Europe intervened and secured for the survivors leave to emigrate to Switzerland, Holland, Württemberg and Brandenburg. The Waldenses had to undertake not to seek to return to the Alpine valleys.

But the exile proved too hard on the highlanders who passionately cherished their bleak mountains. They were so homesick that in 1689 they resolved to fight their way back, if need be. Under the leadership of Pastor Arnaud and a French officer, Turel, 800 mountaineers from all over Europe gathered on the borders of Switzerland and Savoy. In one of the most daring and moving feats in history, cutting across the Alps in daily stretches of 40 kilometres, through mountain passes 8 to 10,000 feet high, they got back to their valleys. Both King Louis XIV of France, who had revoked the Edict of Nantes, and Duke Victor Amadeus of Savoy sent their best troops against them. Incredibly enough, that handful of mountaineers, with scant military training, time and again cut to pieces the forces sent against them under the best generals.

Those Waldenses gave to mankind a great and noble lesson, for they proved that there is something stronger than brute strength: the indomitable spirit of free men fighting against hopeless odds for their homes and the spiritual values they held dearer even than life. Their courage eventually earned for them the right to be left at peace in their high valleys, to follow their own ways of life and to worship as they saw fit.

M. A. Moyal

THROUGH CLOSED, NOT OPEN, EYES

[Readers of THE ARYAN PATH are familiar with the originality of **Shri J. M. Ganguli's** thought and with his knack of giving a new turn to an old key, a turn which opens for the reader the door to a line of thought that stretches sometimes far beyond the world of every day. This time his quest, begun in an almost deserted church, leads him, and us too, nearer to the God that dwelleth not in temples made with hands.—ED.]

It was only five rupees—just a paper scrap on which was stamped an arbitrarily chosen figure—which brought me well over a million that evening.

The little note had somehow slipped out of my pocket in the afternoon and, not knowing where it might have dropped, I thought of turning towards the Convent which had in its grounds a church and an educational institution also, and where I had been some time before. It was then growing dark and the lights were being lit. The road to the Convent was comparatively lonely, all popular, silly city attractions being elsewhere. Just inside the gate was the church, on entering which I always felt a sense of reverence. A place where people come in joy or grief to offer deep thanks for a blessing received, or to lay the story of a cutting anguish or a blinding misery before a sublime Incarnation of Mercy installed in the depths of the heart always plucks some deep-laid chords of emotion, bringing mysterious feelings of reverence.

The porter at the gate looked up, somewhat surprised at my untimely coming, and stood by but I disregarded him. As I came before the church door and looked in there was a sight which I shall not forget. Not all the lights were on inside. The dazzling illumination that irritates the eyes and scatters the thoughts was not there. Perhaps a few candles from the altar were spraying out their rays to harmonize and mingle with the soft glow that was lighting the interior. The hall looked empty at the first glance, but then I noticed a human form at one side, kneeling and resting his head on the back of a chair, which he was also holding. I could see no face, only a kneeling shape, the shoulders bowed, not a limb, not a hair moving, in fear perhaps of distracting the Soul inside.

I instinctively stood motionless and perhaps thoughtless too; for as I looked at that figure there seemed to be slowly stretching out before me the vista of a great, revealing realization, that seemed to be solving, dispelling and straightening out the many doubts, questions, mysteries and uncertainties which often revolve in the mind. It was that motionless emblem of peace, round which there was a striking, soft quietness of absorbed meditation

which halted me at the door and overwhelmingly held my distracted mind by sending a strange sensation through it. I seemed to be following the thin trace of his thoughts in what I could perceive to be his tremendous striving to meet One, Who, he evidently believed, could give all, whereas the world behind could give little.

Perhaps then I was hearing nothing, observing nothing, conscious of no scents, perceiving no one by or near me. There must have been the usual drone of ever-whirling car-wheels beyond the gate; there must have been various commonplace things about the place; there were, of course, fragrant flowers in the beds enclosing a little lawn; the silent porter who had let me in was surely wondering over my sudden motionless stand.

I can well think of all that now when I have sat down to collect and re-think the vague though persistent reflections that have been revolving in my mind for days. But at that moment, at the church door that lonely evening, what and how I thought I cannot say, for my mind and all my senses were then pin-focussed on that motionless being who had lost himself in pouring out his thoughts, his feelings, his prayers and his soul's cravings and desires to Someone Whom at that moment I felt more passionately impelled to visualize than perhaps I had ever felt before.

The light of the candles rising from the empty altar could not penetrate the roof to show the way; the walls were hung with pictures but none of these was the reflection of the One I sought; none of the emblems and ceremonial articles which inspire reverence in a congregation had any way-pointing message for me. Yet, as I withdrew my gaze and my thoughts from them to fix them again on the object of my attraction, a new sense, a new feeling seemed to arise within me.

Books and scriptures there are (how many of them, indeed!) to give a shape and a form to that Unknown which yearning souls in distress and agony, and in the chilly blackness shrouding the ruins of all hopes and wishes, pathetically stretch out their hands to grasp. Epics and mythologies elaborate on an imaginatively moulded and colourful Being Who could contain the widest limits of our discontented thoughts and Who could fill the yawning gaps in our mind's picture of things and happenings. We listen to impassioned sermons flowing down from pulpits on the devoted heads of a gathering whose ears are attuned to the harmony of the choir that sings, again and again, "Abide with me." How often, too, do we not wake up at the summoning call from a not too distant mosque, where a West-turned face breaks the lonely stillness of the yet dark and fleeting pre-dawn hour to send up a surrendering appeal to an unseen, misty Listener Who is beyond reach but Who is wakeful at all hours? Does not the ringing of the temple bells

thrill and vibrate some inner chords of the heart at moments when a vague absent-mindedness withdraws our interest from the various common objects which otherwise keep the mind pleasantly attached to them?

And yet, when those moments are gone, I see little before me, perceive little at hand, feel little warmth of a touch in the heart. The great chasm between me and Him, between my poor limits and the Infinity beyond, between my distressing faults and failures and the Perfection encircling them, remains as wide as ever. The recognition of that chasm brings despair and well-nigh extinguishes faith in the mysterious Quest. All those external pushings and pullings, stimulations and superimposings bring some thrills and emotions, longings and illusions but, in the diverting of the mind thus caused, the all-absorbing concentration, the sense-subdued stillness, opening the innermost consciousness which alone can get the vision of and hold the Absolute,—that concentration, that stillness, we do not get.

I can now well see how vain my quest for the Eternal and the Absolute had been while I was keeping my consciousness hung on the mind's wall and was projecting, stretching out and measuring all my impressions from that. The effort to cramp and constrain Infinity into a tiny picture containable within the poor limits of my mind's background, marked by numerous lines thin and thick, of notions and of prejudices, was more misleading than revealing. How, on a mind's surface that was continually ruffled and disturbed by raging desires and impulses, by vanity and self-assertion, could the reflection of the Calm and the Serene be had?

That simple truth strangely fails to strike us when we try to go out with all sorts of what we call our precious knowledge to touch the Sublime, to visualize the Mysterious and to gauge the Infinite. All the preachings and teachings showered on us, since long before we knew what they purported, have left stains and marks which, crossing and overlapping one another, produce hideous figures that at times inspire more awe and confusion than clearness and understanding. Those little things, those shreds of old and new memories and experiences which persist in the mind, give only a distorted, kaleidoscopic view of the surroundings, wherein we remain amused, unmindful of the Reality beyond.

"By space the Universe encompasses me as an atom; by thought I encompass it," said Pascal; but that thought is not the thought that threads through the trivia and the trifles, the incidents and the happenings around us and gets entangled in a close mesh, but that which frees and lifts itself up from these and spreads out in all directions, forgetful of self, forgetful even of its own effort and striving.

Such stimulating thoughts came as I looked back and reflected over the self-absorbed figure in the quiet-

ness and loneliness of the hall that evening. His face was not lifted, his eyes were not open, yet surely he was visualizing what I was far from seeing. His tongue was sealed, but surely his message was reaching Quarters that were far beyond me. Is that, then, the way to approach and see and speak to Him Who comes in our imagination at stray, forgetful moments, but recedes and departs as the "I" in us wakes up?

It is our persisting self-consciousness and our assertive ego which blur the vision of the Absolute by casting a shadow and giving only a sense relative to our framed outlook. It is the wakeful I-sense which prompts us to go out with our own measuring stick to sound the depth of Infinity, and which tempts us to define and describe it in the language that we speak. All the conflicting and confusing relativeness in our thought and imagination and in our judgment and appraisal of things and values is due to our egoism, which is superimposed on the Absoluteness that lies underneath.

Modern materialistic rationalism and physical science have yet not grasped the significance of this superimposition which keeps Truth and the Absolute under the heavy layer of our physical knowledge and experience.

If physical science is reluctantly coming to the confession that there is a limit to which it can go and beyond which things and conditions must remain unknowable, it is because it cannot rid itself of the overwhelming influence of the physical senses, which it has accepted as the only means by which knowledge is acquirable. The subtler thing, which controls the senses even though it gets submerged and apparently is lost to sight when those senses, impelled by growing vanity, rage and storm, is missed and left out of account. The effort to pierce and penetrate that covering will be vain if it is made only outside and by means only of the crude physical senses. To think that crucibles and lenses in the laboratory draw the defining line on the picture of mysterious Nature is to show a lack of appreciation of their use and significance. Their showings should rather be taken as indicating their limitations; they should force it upon our realization that the persisting darkness of the mystery must be illumined by a glow of light from within.

Relativity today assumes an all-important significance in physical science because the sense-dominated mind on which impressions and reactions are received is a limited and relatively developed background. Its expansibility is destroyed by the colourful sense reactions fondly allowed to play ceaselessly upon it. We open and strain our eyes to observe and judge a thing, and yet how often do we find that we get a clearer view and a more balanced judgment when we close our eyes and retire within ourselves to quiet the excited feelings and to erase the jumbled markings of the external

senses! How often do we better receive and understand a speechless message from the depths of the heart than an eloquent grammar-ruled address impressively delivered with elocutionary poses!

It is indeed in despair, after long fruitless effort to glimpse the Absolute through a lattice of sense-controlled relativity, that the sage and the recluse have ever entered the cave to close the eyes and quiet the distractions and restlessness caused by the physical senses, to get a chance to harmonize the mind with the Serenity pervading the universe. The wise Guru who sends his disciple into a mountain fastness for unveiling himself within himself so that the all-feeling sense may dawn in him, has better perceived the essence of knowledge than the Guru who calls his disciple again and again to his teachings and sermons or sends him to libraries and laboratories to read and to experiment. In the outer world are fog and darkness, but the light from within brings out the reflection of the Self, whose footprint on the sands of the Unknown the physicist is seeking to observe. Is not, then, all this which binds my senses a mere multi-shaped manifestation of that Self in diverse ways and forms?

I have to break the spell, to close my eyes and bend my proud head down and, forgetting and disregarding everything, seek communion with the Ethereal Soul, as that noble soul in the church that evening did. That earnest effort and the answering realization come when the self has freed itself from the spell of the senses and cries out "I am He!" At that exhilarating instant the momentary sense of the Absolute enters and the plunge and merging into the Eternal take place.

The Guru that sits in me and points out, at every knock that I get in the world and at every pang of misery, that there is nothing tangible in them, that they are meant only to turn us away from their lure, I had hardly ever listened to. But the silent, motionless figure that I saw that evening has caused a tumult in my mind. What I seek lies indeed in self-absorbed concentration, in vision with closed eyes, in sense-suspended serenity; in the obliteration of my egoistic sense and vanity. The halo round the Yogi, the unique sitting pose of the Buddha, the silent, unconcerned figure on the Cross—they all convey the same message: "Forget yourself by surrendering your all to Me; by being desireless in all you do." Also, praying always for the good of all who harm you or annoy you is the age-old teaching for the same purpose.

J. M. GANGULI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

INDIANA

MAN AND HIS HISTORY *

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.
The proper study of mankind is man.

So wrote Alexander Pope; and, hackneyed as his too quotable words have become, and much as they have suffered from the slick and shallow philosophy with which they have been often associated, it is surely true that the study of man—his nature, his development and his doings—is one of the most fascinating and deeply interesting of all the fields of knowledge that are open to us. The enormous popularity of a book like Trevelyan's *Social History of England* is a proof of the interest which history holds; so is the wide appreciation received by much less "popular" studies, such as Toynbee's *Study of History* and Whitehead's *Adventures of Ideas*, and the interest aroused more recently by Professer Butterfield's B.B.C. talks on the interpretation of history. History, the story of human life on earth, its struggles, its complexities, its never-ending drama and tragedy, its heroisms and its failures, is a subject which must compel the interest of every new generation, as it grows up in its turn to be the "heir of all the ages."

Yet we are told that in our Indian universities hardly any one wants to study history (or philosophy) nowadays. The demand, it appears, is all for the scientific and technical subjects, and, where history survives at all, it does so not in its own inherent right but because it is "required" as the handmaid of politics and economics. One suspects that even then there is little serious recognition on the part of most students of the fundamental importance of historical understanding to the intelligent pursuit of either of these two subjects; the study of history is merely an unfortunate necessity, imposed upon them by authority. Why should this be, in view of the intrinsic, abiding and always topical interest of the story of human relationships?

One important reason for this neglect is no doubt the deplorable but unquestionable fact that the great majority of university students look upon their studies merely as the avenue to a degree which will help them to obtain some "secure" salaried office. They tend to judge all courses of studies by utilitarian standards, and to select those that seem likely to lead most directly to this goal. The students themselves are not to be blamed for this—they are the victims of a social environment in which education has been prostituted to narrow and unworthy ends and in which only the most independent minds, the fortunate few, can catch and keep a vision of the beauty of truth in its own right and the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake—and for the sake of wisdom, understanding and richer personal and social living. The healing of the universities must be part and parcel of the healing of society by the transformation of standards of value.

But, though this is a major factor in the neglect of historical studies, it seems plain that there is a second factor also in operation, which is more directly under the control of the univer-

* *Prehistoric South India.* By V. R. RAMACHANDRA DIKSHITAR, M.A. (University of Madras. 269 pp. 1951. Rs. 10/-)

sity faculty itself. To put it bluntly, history as it is too often taught is dull and dreary, a dry-as-dust catalogue of remote and apparently meaningless facts. The writer has a vivid recollection of certain afternoons of history classes in the junior-middle-school stage of her career which were not only of absorbing immediate interest, but which so caught the imagination of the ten-year-old as to become, as it were, doorways into the life of long ago, bridges linking the men and women of today with their ancestors in the past. Through those doorways and over those bridges we passed as high-school and university students into a living history rich with contemporary significance. At Cambridge in my time men like Professor Chadwick and Dr. G. G. Coulton, who united profound and accurate scholarship with a sense of the reality and relevance of the human life of pre-historic, proto-historic and mediæval times, drew to their lectures many of us undergraduates who were not "officially" students of the History School, as well as those who were.

It is therefore distressing to have to listen, as I have so often had to do in India, to the complaint from high-school and university students that history is dry, dull and useless, and to know that often the complaint is justified. The high-school teachers of history are the products of our universities; university standards of history teaching leave much to be desired.

These reflections have been set in train by a book which I approached with high hopes of interesting and profitable reading—*Prehistoric South India* by V. R. R. Dikshitar, published by the University of Madras. The book contains the Sir William Meyer Lectures for 1950-51, together with a *résumé*. The first lecture deals with the geological and geographical conditions of South Indian history, the next three with the palæolithic, neolithic and metal ages respectively, and the fifth and sixth with the ethnology and linguistics of South India. The eminence of the author in his own field is not in doubt, his learning is evident, his own interest in his main thesis is clear. Yet I found his book profoundly disappointing, and an analysis of the reasons why I did so may perhaps be some small contribution to the clarification of the aims of university work in history. I write not as a professional historian but as a representative of the ordinary intelligent reading public.

It is widely recognized that a university should have two main functions—research and teaching, the extension and the dissemination of knowledge. It is recognized also that there should be continuous interaction between these two functions in order that both may be maintained at the highest level. The teacher must, in however humble a way, be pursuing his own line of thought and investigation, if his teaching is to carry the stimulus of vigour and originality and not to degenerate into the mere second-hand repetition of other men's findings. The research worker on his side needs the stimulus of other men's minds, the suggestive power of their intelligent sympathy, questions and criticisms; he can, through occasional public lectures and teaching, invite these contributions. But, broadly speaking, the two functions are distinguishable and one expects that a book published under university auspices should contribute something of value to one or the other. The book under review does neither in any satisfactory way. It is neither popular nor scholarly.

By a popular book I do not mean one that is "written down" to the level of a cheap magazine. I mean one that seeks to present the subject in a clear and orderly manner to a seriously interested "layman" who is not conversant with the technical terms employed by specialists. A good popular book, from the university point of view, would be such as can be read with profit by an intelligent student beginner; it is a *teaching* book. But Shri Dikshitar's book is full of technicalities, particularly in the section on geology, many of which are unessential, and

none of which are adequately explained. He assumes in his reader a familiarity with scholarly "jargon" which only a specialist could reasonably be expected to have. This makes heavy going, and creates confusion. In the concluding section of the lecture on the Palæolithic Age, for example, the terms "microlithic" and "mesolithic" are used almost as if they were interchangeable, and neither is even translated into plain English. This is only one example among many. No *clear* picture either of the country or of its people can be derived from these pages. The author obviously has the knowledge from which such a picture *might* have been made; he *might* have revealed in all its fascination the stream of life that has flowed from those remote ages to feed the culture of India down to our own day. It is all the more tantalizing that the picture remains obscured.

The book also fails to present the results of scholarship in a manner satisfying to the critical intellect. Shri Dikshitar's main thesis, if I understand him aright, is that many of the cultural elements which have been regarded as brought into South India by movements of peoples and influences from outside should rightly be regarded as indigenous developments, and that where genuine influence exists, it has been exerted, as often as not, by the outward-going vigour of South Indian culture. South India *initiated* things, she was not the mere passive plaything of external forces.

Such a theory is of great interest and there are weighty considerations which support some of these conclusions. But the author does not present his material or argue his case. He contents himself over and over again with *asserting* his position; he *explains* neither the arguments of his opponents nor the facts which lead him to a different conclusion. He gives the reader no basis upon which he can form any judgment of his own. When, as the result of research, new conclusions are reached, the book that sets them forth should describe fully both the position previously accepted, and the new facts and deductions which form the basis of the new hypothesis. Objections should also be frankly and fully faced, and tentative or incomplete findings indicated as such. This book is largely lacking in these features.

A further factor which is detrimental to the book, both as a popular introduction and as a scholarly statement of the results of research, is the weakness of its expository style. It is wordy and tautological. It abounds in such phrases as "it goes without saying," "it is crystal clear," "mention may be made," "taking a bird's-eye view," "we must not fail to note," etc., etc., most of which are unnecessary and many quite unsuited to their context. The arrangement and paragraphing leave much to be desired. There are sentences scattered through the book from which, after several readings, one fails to extract any satisfactory meaning. It seems a great pity that the script was not edited for publication by some one competent to advise in these matters. The spoken style with its living inflections and the personality behind it, can "carry" many things which are a dead weight on the printed page.

All original work done by Indian scholars in the vast field of Indian history is to be welcomed and encouraged. It is for the universities concerned to see that the highest standards of scholarship are maintained, and that the results of their work are presented in such a way that both historical science and historical understanding may be effectively advanced.

MARJORIE SYKES

Indian Painting in the Punjab Hills: Essays. By W. G. ARCHER (Victoria and Albert Museum Monograph No. 3, His Majesty's Stationery Office, London. 98 pp. Illustrated. 1952. 8*s.* 6*d.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council.

Great credit is due to the Stationery Office for producing this (paper-bound) work, especially at so low a price,

considering that it contains 70 reproductions of Hill paintings, the frontispiece being in colour. Moreover, Mr. Archer (Keeper of the Indian Section of Paintings in the Victoria and Albert Museum) is obviously a real expert who combines historical knowledge and æsthetic appreciation. The treatise which accompanies the illustrations is mostly an intricate attempt to ascribe the pictures to some of the small kingdoms which, in the 17th and 18th centuries, composed the Punjab.

This art is now fairly familiar to us, partly because of the pioneering championship of the late Ananda Coomaraswamy, and, as Mr. Archer notes, how romantic it is ! Indeed, as he points out, many of the scenes illustrate incidents in the *Ramayana* and the *Gita Govinda* ("a Sanskrit poem of the 12th century"). With very few exceptions, the persons depicted are drawn in profile. Indeed, the full-face drawings are not truly attractive. The types are almost constant : long-eyed women with prominent snoods and graceful figures, or bearded rajas seated on ornamental chairs and smoking hookahs. It is surprising that the experienced eyes of Mr. Archer can find a definite " portrait " anywhere. For the rest, we see elegant pavilions, finely drawn animals or birds, dainty and extremely formal gardens, musicians, dancers, many-headed demons (*e.g.*, Ravana, known to us through *The Dream of Ravan*, that mysterious book), lovelorn ladies, round hills, beautifully painted trees, lurid skies and attendants with large fans.

Although this Indian art was so much occupied with romantic love, it reveals a delicate and refined life in which music and dancing have rather more place than love-making. Of course it was not practicable to give us these pictures in colour, although its absence considerably reduces their intended effect, for, as Mr. Archer says, colour and even forms were used by these old artists emotionally. Red was a symbol of passion. He states, for example, that

> similar expressive imagery appears...where the open flowers are parallels for the girl's juvenescence and the hawk held tightly in her hand suggests the lover after his return.

If you delight in pictorial art or in records of a vanished civilization, you could not find anywhere a better eight-and-sixpennyworth. It can be obtained from Her Majesty's Stationery Office, York House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2. By post it costs 8*s.* 10*d.*

CLIFFORD BAX

Indian Hemp : A Social Menace. By DONALD MCI. JOHNSON, M.A., M.B., B.CH., BARRISTER-AT-LAW ; with a Foreword by H. PULLAR-STRECKER, M.D. (Christopher Johnson Publishers Ltd., London. 112 pp. 1952. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Since the war there has been a significant increase in the traffic in dangerous drugs in many West European countries and in America. There were 14 times as many prosecutions in Britain relating to the possession and sale of Indian hemp in 1950 as in 1944, but the traffic in this drug is increasing.

One of the attractions exercised by drugs, which tempts young people to take the first step which can turn them into addicts, is the mystery and exotic charm with which they are invested by popular writers, particularly in the popular Western newspapers and magazines. While popular journalism draws attention to the evil consequences of drugs, there is a tendency to "glamourize" the drug menace. Some papers pay cured drug addicts large sums to write about their experiences.

In an effort to prevent people from taking the apparently harmless first step that can bring them to ruin, governments, international organizations like the UNO, and media of public entertainment like films, radio and television have been spreading accurate information about the consequences of drug addiction. Medical science can do much to cure a drug addict, but only well-informed public opinion can successfully contend with this menace.

Indian hemp, the history, properties and effects of which Dr. Johnson discusses in this book, is not one of the habit-forming drugs, but its effects on those who take it are none the less harmful, physically and mentally. "Indian hemp" is only one of the names it has acquired. It is variously known as marihuana, hashish, and, when in the form of a cigarette, as a "reefer." It is derived from the resin elaborated in the flowering tops of the female hemp plant. As a pure drug, there is, says the author, scarcely any medical use for it.

Briefly, the drug stimulates hilarity and excitement, distortion of sight and vision, sexual fantasies, antagonism and sometimes aggressiveness, abolishes normal inhibitions and eventually producs a dream-like coma. Excessive consumption of alcohol sometimes produces very similar effects, and there is the possibility that if Indian hemp were not classified as illegal, it might lose some of its attraction. This involves a risk, however, which the authorities cannot afford to take, and the next best thing is for the romantic myths which now surround Indian hemp to be exploded. This book will help to show it in a true light.

Unfortunately, the author mars his otherwise most interesting and informative study by rather lurid conjectures and suggestions about the launching of drug wars.

SUNDER KABADI

Words from the Vedas. By ABINASH CHANDRA BOSE, M.A., PH.D. (Dubl.) (Republican Era Publishers, Delhi and Khandwa. cii + 250 pp. Rs. 5/-)

A really popular anthology of beautiful *mantras* from the Vedas, the oldest literary monuments of the Indo-Aryans, had long been a desideratum. Principal Bose has supplied it in this handy volume, which is a collection, mostly of single verses, from all four Vedas. It is divided into five sections dealing respectively with the Paths of Devotion, Knowledge, Mysticism, Splendour and Action.

The verses, in Devanagari, are appropriately headed, and lucidly and literally translated, with a running commentary on their poetical beauty and spiritual grandeur. The long Introduction deals with the Vedic religion, monotheism, polytheism, henotheism, etc. The text unfortunately contains many misprints not noticed in the eight-page corrigenda, in spite of which this book will give the general reader an adequate idea of the thought and poetry of the Vedas.

N. A. GORE

Gauḍapāda: A Study in Early Advaita. By T. M. P. MAHADEVAN. (Philosophical Series No. 5, University of Madras. 281 pp. 1952. Rs. 9/-)

Gaudapāda is the most prominent pre-Shankara Advaita thinker, the preceptor's preceptor to the great Shankara. The volume is a compact and comprehensive account of Gaudapāda's Advaita as set forth in his *Kārikās*. We have the valuable commentary on the *Kārikās* by Shankara. The distinguished Buddhist scholar V. Bhattacharya has given us a splendid translation into English with copious notes.

Dr. Mahadevan has sought to refute the view that the four chapters of the *Kārikā* are by different authors. Gaudapāda is represented as a true Vedāntin using the Buddhist technique in his arguments for the clear systematization of the Advaita doctrines.

The volume is divided into ten chapters. The first two deal with Gaudapāda and his date. We have a refreshing account of the Upanishadic basis of the *Kārikās*. In Chapter 3 we get a splendid account of the place of reason and revelation in Gaudapāda and generally in Advaita Vedānta. The following three chapters examine the dialectics of Gaudapāda with particular attention to the doctrine of causation and non-origination. Chapter 7 discusses the doctrine of *Māyā* and the

illusory nature of the universe. Chapter 8 deals with the *Sādhana* prescribed by Gaudapāda for the realization of the Self. The last two chapters give us an estimate of Gaudapāda and his place in Advaita Vedānta.

Throughout the volume Dr. Mahadevan has admirably marshalled the arguments in favour of the traditional view that Gaudapāda is not a Buddhist and that his *Kārikās* are the first authoritative formulation of the Advaita system.

Gaudapāda is claimed to be "a lineal descendant of sages like Yājnavalkya, and not of Bauddha teachers like Nāgārjuna and Asaṅga." Against a formidable group of scholars who hold the view that Buddhism and Brahmavada are one and the same, Dr. Mahadevan makes a heroic effort to establish the traditional difference between them. The Bauddhas declare "the indeterminability of all" and the Brahmavādins hold that "the entire universe with the exception of consciousness, is other than either what is real or what is unreal. Thus in Advaita-Vedānta the self which is of the nature of pure consciousness is recognized as the sole reality," and not the Mādhyamika view of "*total unreality.*" The Buddhist view is described as involving self-contradiction. Dr. Mahadevan's volume is a valuable contribution towards the study of Advaita Vedānta in English.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

SRI RANGARAMANUJA'S *Prashnopanishad-Bhasya*. Edited by DR. K. C. VARADACHARI and PANDIT D. T. TATACHARYA. (Sri Venkatesvara Oriental Institute, Tirupati. ii+69; viii+68 pp. Rs. 2/12)

The Upanishads, being the basic texts of Indian philosophy, have been variously interpreted by different schools of Vedanta, in the light of and to support their respective tenets. Rangaramanuja expounds lucidly from the Visistadvaita standpoint. His *bhasya* on the *Kena* and the *Katha Upanishads* has already been published by the Institute. In this volume, the first part gives in Devanagari the text of the Upanishad, the *bhasya* and the editor's sub-commentary on the latter. The foot-notes give variant readings but without indication of their source. The second part gives the text of the Upanishad in Roman type and a full English translation of the *bhasya*. The four Indices of the *mantras*, important words, proper nouns and quotations in the *bhasya* are followed by an English Introduction giving a chapter-by-chapter summary of this important Upanishad, one of the oldest. This edition will be very useful for study of the *Prashnopanishad* not only to the followers of Visistadvaita Vedanta but to students of Indian philosophy generally.

N. A. GORE

The Story of the Buddha. By AMIR ALI; illustrated by LEELA SHIVESHWARKAR. (Oxford University Press, Bombay. 134 pp. 1952. Rs. 5/-)

This being intended specially for children, the story is told simply and with arresting interest, which is further heightened by the illustrations in black and white. A photographic reproduction of a fine statue or painting of the Buddha as frontispiece would have been greatly appreciated by the young reader. The writer has drawn upon authentic history as well as legend, but he has handled his material with artistic effect and economy, while the main teachings of the Master have been simply set forth. The price seems rather high.

G. M.

Chanakya and Chandragupta. By A. S. P. AYYAR, I.C.S. (V. Ramaswamy Sastrulu and Sons, Madras. 443 pp. 1951. Rs. 4/- or 6*s*.)

Mr. Justice A. S. P. Ayyar of the Madras High Court has written much to popularize Indian culture and religion. In this historical novel he has given a vivid picture of Chandragupta and his

celebrated Minister Chanakya and their exploits, avoiding conflict with any proved historical facts. Mr. Ayyar has consulted all the original sources in Buddhist, Jain and Hindu literature that deal with the Mauryan Period.

Mr. Ayyar's book is a most readable and vivid picture of a great age in Indian history and a glorious account of the great monarch and his great Minister.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Studies in Jain Philosophy. By NATHMAL TATIA, D.LITT. (Cal.); with a foreword by MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA GOPINATH KAVIRAJ. (xxxv+327 pp. 1951. Rs. 16/-); *Hastinapur.* By AMAR CHAND. (viii+64 pp. 1952. Rs. 2/4). (Jain Cultural Research Society, Benares)

Jainology has been, for some time at least, a neglected branch of Indology. An earnest student of Indian philosophy has somehow a feeling that Jain philosophy has not so far received the attention it deserves, probably because it lies outside the pale of the orthodox Six *Darshanas.* It is therefore highly gratifying to see Dr. Nathmal Tatia's work, which discloses close and careful study, both extensive and profound. After explaining briefly the Jain attitude in general, by way of introduction, the author discusses in successive chapters the four fundamental problems of Jain philosophy, *viz., Jnana, Ajnana, Karman* and Spiritual Realization. His method of treatment consists in a faithful exposition of doctrines, based upon original texts, coupled with a comparative assessment of the Jain theories in the light of the views held by other schools of Indian philosophy such as Buddhism, Nyaya, Samkhya, Advaita Vedanta, etc. His treatment of the problem of Avidya is especially exhaustive, and is claimed to have made an original and valuable contribution on the subject.

I found the chapter on Jain Yoga especially interesting, as the doctrine of the *Dhyanas* and the different stages of spiritual realization as developed by the Jain thinkers throws a very useful light on some of the difficult concepts in Patanjali's *Yoga-Shastra.* For example, the four stages of *Savitarak, Savichar,* etc., described in Patanjali's *Yoga-Shastra* can be properly understood only with reference to the four stages of *Shukla-Dhyana* as described in the Jain works.

The author deserves to be congratulated for having made such a substantial contribution to the study of Jain philosophy and thereby to the literature on Indian philosophy. There is no doubt that for a decade at least this work will maintain its position as a chief work of reference on Jain philosophy.

The Jain Cultural Research Society has also done a valuable service in bringing out the small descriptive pamphlet, *Hastināpur,* by Amar Chand. Hastināpur has stood as a monument to the vicissitudes of Aryan culture, ever since the days of the *Mahabhārata.* While bringing out the historical and archæological glories of this ancient city, our author has given prominence to the Jain tradition and temples. Hastināpur has also been chosen as the site of the new city of the refugees. This booklet will surely be read with great interest by every student of Indian history and culture.

D. G. LONDHEY

The Design of Existence. (S. Jaswant Singh, 15, Kutchery Road, Dehra Dun. 150 pp. Rs. 5/-)

This book is made up of the text of the *Japji* (an important part of the Sikh scriptures) in Gurumukhi but in Devanagari script, an English translation and notes, together with a commentary to unravel the riddle of life, mostly in the light of the teachings of Guru Nanak. The anonymous author has tried to analyze the pattern of life as revealed in the inspired visions of the seers. An unusual philosophical work.

M. G.

The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda. Vol. VIII. (Mayavati Memorial Edition. Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, U.P. 577 pp. 1951. Rs. 6/- and Rs. 7/8)

This volume, which, it is suggested in the Preface, may be the last of the series, contains, besides "Lectures and Discourses" and a section of "Notes of Class Talks and Lectures," writings in prose and verse from Swami Vivekananda's pen, short sections of "Sayings and Utterances," "Questions and Answers" and "Epistles." These last make up half of the book, and many of them are rewarding, though much in this section is of little general interest or permanent value. The earnestness of the writer's devotion and the warmth of his goodwill, however, shine out from the pages.

In his deep feeling for his friends and its frank expression, it is not always easy to recognize the impersonal leader that was his ideal, but he wrote to Sister Nivedita of "having the power to pluck out my own heart with my own hand, if it becomes necessary, 'for the good of many, for the welfare of many,' as Buddha said." The essence of Vedanta, he declared, was "matter changed into spirit by the force of love."

> There is but One, seen by the ignorant as matter, by the wise as God. And the history of civilization is the progressive reading of spirit into matter. The ignorant see the person in the non-person. The sage sees the non-person in the person. Through pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, this is the one lesson we are learning.

E. M. H.

The Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi. Edited by HOMER A. JACK. (The Beacon Press, Boston. 232 pp. 1951. $ 3.00)

This carefully selected and edited collection of pithy and pregnant extracts from Gandhiji's voluminous writings deals with a large variety of subjects. The extracts are full of wisdom "for us to live by and not merely to quote," as the editor observes in his Introduction. The proportion of extracts revealing Gandhiji's out-and-out wit is infinitesimally small, but there is subtle humour in passages like this :—

> When once a bottle of medicine gets itself introduced into a home, it never thinks of going out, but only goes on drawing other bottles in its train.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes has contributed a short preface. But is it true, as he says, that "Gandhiji's interests were never æsthetic, but rather pragmatic"? For here in Gandhiji's own words we read: "Truth and beauty I crave for, live for and would die for."

A useful Bibliography and a Biographical Chronology are appended. *The Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi* provides an ever-ready guide to what Gandhiji thought about this or that problem.

G. M.

An Indian Outcaste: The Autobiography of an Untouchable. By HAZARI. (The Bannisdale Press, London. 151 pp. 1951. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The life of an Indian Untouchable has been by no means happy. His disabilities are overwhelming. And if perchance an outcaste fancies, as Hazari did, outsoaring the ancestral occupations, his path is irksome indeed.

Hazari relates with candour and warmth the story of his own struggles and his triumph. Born a sweeper, he realized even in childhood the way of life to which he was born and which he was expected to help in perpetuating. But he challenged its inevitability. His narrative is astonishingly free from malice, even from ironic outbursts, though his soul was constantly chafing under the bondage of Karma. Hazari's life is centred in North India. His father, resigned for himself to a life of squalid distress, showed a marked partiality for the author, who was spared the accustomed toil of his caste.

Apart from the author's personal history, this brief story presents a delightful contrast between the high society of Simla and the tranquil life of the small ancestral village. Hazari is a sensitive writer with no pretensions to literary graces, though he can sometimes depict a scene in eloquent prose.

Over and again the sad revelation would dawn on him that he "had no background and no social rock on which to stand." But Hazari found his saviour in a benevolent Englishman, a Professor in Aligarh University, learnt English and finally breathed the free air of the West. The book leaves an indelible impression of the author's courage and determination. Hazari registers the happy changes in Indian life under Gandhiji's influence but his book is a stern reminder of the scars of Indian society!

MOHANLAL KASHYAP

LITERATURE

Things of Beauty: An Anthology of the Wit and Wisdom of ancient, mediæval and modern thinkers and writers. Vol. I. Edited with a Preface and introductory notes by V. N. BHUSHAN. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 232 pp. 1952. Re. 1/12)

There is a melancholy interest attached to this book. The anthologist, Mr. V. N. Bhushan, is now no more, "dead ere his prime." He was a lifelong votary of beauty, and also a creator of beauty in his turn. The rich contents of this anthology may be deemed a memorial to his own life and work.

In his Preface, Bhushan chimes in with Tennyson's view that Beauty, Truth and Knowledge "are three sisters that dote upon each other, friends to man, living together under the same roof." The selections, accordingly, guide us through the many mansions of the Beautiful, and entertain, fascinate and edify by turns. Garnered from the intellectual treasures of the entire world, the book has an almost global amplitude in its sweep of wisdom and human appeal. Different "forms" of literature are represented—fable, apologue, hymn, epic narrative, epigram, discourse, biographical portrait; there is variety too in the *tone*, the angle from which the reader is approached; and poetry and prose, exhortation and exegesis, prayer and prophecy, all are here. But a purposive unity nevertheless holds the collection together, and one realizes that in a very real sense Æsop, Vedic hymnist, Vyasa, Asoka, Socrates, Seneca, Epictetus, Sa'di, Hobbes, Vivekananda, Tagore, Gandhiji and Shri Aurobindo are contemporaries, beacons lighting up our path yesterday, today and tomorrow. The book can thus be confidently recommended to all serious readers, for it will awaken them to the ideas that, as Bridges said, "advance the spirit in the life of Reason to the Wisdom of God."

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

An Introduction to Scandinavian Literature from the Earliest Time to Our Day. By ELIAS BREDSDORFF, M.A.; BRITA MORTENSEN, M.A., and RONALD POPPERWELL, B.A. (Ejnar Munksgaard, Copenhagen. Cambridge University Press, London. 245 pp. 1951. 27*s.* 6*d.*)

This is the combined production of the staff of the Department of Scandinavian Studies in the University of Cambridge, each specialist treating the literary history of one Scandinavian country. The emphasis is laid on the period from 1700 to the present day, in which readers abroad have undoubtedly most interest. To characterize the literary movements and classify the authors of merit in three countries through this period in under 200 pages

is no mean accomplishment, but these writers have without exception produced a clear account of the various literary developments. It is inevitable that in such a brief survey not a little of the jargon of literary history should be used and labels in bold block capitals affixed. Though the authors claim to have ruthlessly cast aside many authors, there are still some sections of the book which seem to give only an accumulation of names, with but the briefest word or none at all of literary classification. They say further that it is their hope that the book will lead English readers to the original works, but it would have been of value if they had included references to English translations where these could be recommended.

Perhaps the first few pages, dealing with Old Norse literature, are the least satisfactory. It is here that the one or two mistakes in detail are to be found—otherwise the book seems to have been compiled most carefully. This section deals almost entirely with Icelandic mediæval literature, and something of a false impression is given in that the bulk of the literature, the sagas, seems to be regarded as the common property of Norway and Iceland. It is doubtful if these pages were well spent in a book of this size. There is little suggestion in the later part of the book that these mediæval writings were of importance in Scandinavian literary development.

This is, however, only a very small section in the book. The later periods are treated with a nicely balanced circumspection, with enthusiasm and in an easy style, so that large portions of it can be read as a consecutive narrative.

The book is well printed and adequately indexed. The chief fault—one which may go far to reduce the immediate value of the work—lies in the price. In Denmark it is available at under 16*s*., whereas in England it must be sold at 27*s*. 6*d*. At this price it can scarcely be bought by many students—for whom it has a special interest—much less by the general public whose interest it surely wishes to arouse. It can only be hoped that the book will have a wide library circulation.

PETER G. FOOTE

THE PROFESSION OF POETRY

The Golden Feast: A Perennial Theme in Poetry. By ROY WALKER. (Rockliff Publishing Corp., Ltd., London. 272 pp. 1952. 18*s*.); *Man Answers Death: An Anthology of Poetry*. Edited by CORLISS LAMONT. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 330 pp. 2nd ed., 1952. $4.50); *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Poems*. Edited by JAMES REEVES. (William Heinemann, Ltd., London. 79 pp. 1951. 4*s*.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council; *Poems 1951: The Prize Winning Entries for the Festival of Britain Competition*. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth. 234 pp. 1951. 2*s*. 6*d*.)

Between birth and death, the cardinal events of terrestrial life, there lies an ambiguous stretch, the sole activity here being the struggle for existence in its thousand and one forms. Food and drink, love and lust, war and peace—all are related to the main problem of the struggle for existence. "Born but to die"—yet how shall man defy or exceed death? How shall we make the best of the life that is ours, how shall we charge with significance the humdrum activities in which we are engaged most of the time? How shall we give a spiritual turn to the means we take to satisfy our animal appetites—how shall we turn eating into a mystic ritual, and lust into love? Above all, how shall we pluck out of the ever-present nettle, Death, the undying flower of Immortality?

These are the questions which have agitated the poets of all times and races, and the answers too surprise us by their remarkable unanimity. In *The Golden Feast*, for example, Mr.

Roy Walker has studied against a world background the history of two recurrent poetic themes—the theme of the Golden Feast, which conceives food for the body as a sacrament, and feeding as a ritual in which all creation participates; and the theme of the Cockaigne legend which conceives food and feeding in terms of a gluttonous orgy debasing body, mind and soul. These two themes, the type and its antithesis, the ideal heaven to aspire to and the false heaven to be abominated, are rooted in human psychology and have exercised a profound influence on the story of civilization. Mr. Walker draws freely from poetry, philosophy, folklore and legend, quotes profusely—many of the extracts being long, self-contained ones—and the ribbon of his own commentary, which holds all together, is at once firm and fascinating, like silk. It is a *tour de force*, for we have here something of a universal conference of writers—Pindar and Pope, Aristophanes and Christopher Fry, Apuleius and Avyaktananda, Rainer Maria Rilke and Rabindranath Tagore, and scores of others besides. And what is the crux of the argument?

> Man was once united with Nature. Under some climatic compulsion he began to wound the earth, to tyrannize over animals, to destroy vegetation, to ruin top soil, to uproot himself by travel and seafaring (and now by flying), a restlessness of which was born that fatal short-term attitude of irresponsibility which issues in the vicious extractive "economy" from which we are now suffering, a wastage of primary global resources aggravated by a dangerous multiplication of human numbers and by the spiritual and physical devastation of total war.

The "lost Eden" still allures man from afar—or he sometimes buries the memory by a trip to Cockaigne—but the pull of the ideal presently returns with redoubled force. Will man ever really return to his long-lost Paradise?

Man Answers Death is a purposive anthology—again quarried from the poetic riches of the whole world—in which the poets articulate their reactions to the phenomenon of Death in a variety of tones, ranging from irony and stoical acceptance to defiance and triumphant exceeding of Death. Over 200 poets are here represented by nearly 400 extracts and, apart from English and American poets, the cosmopolitan assembly includes Kalidasa, Bhartrihari, Ilya Ehrenburg, Lermontov, Rilke, Sarojini Naidu, Rabindranath Tagore, the Roumanian Dagobert Runes, the Italian Vincenzo Monti, the German Gustav Falke, and many others. First published in 1936, Mr. Lamont's anthology proved a great solace to the men and women who had to live through the terrible years of the second world war. A new and enlarged edition of this spiritual treasure is welcome, for we have not yet exorcized War or Fear or Hunger or Death from our midst, and the issue between Life and Death is now joined on many fields, and on diverse planes of actuality.

Mr. Lamont has wisely realized that Good is ever the best answer to Evil, and Life the best answer to Death. "The beauty of the poems themselves is, of course, one kind of answer to death and also one kind of consolation," writes Mr. Lamont; and the kind of cure poetry effects in our diseased lives is effected through the beauty—the internal order and harmony—that poetry carries, a drop of nectar to counteract the poisons breeding in life. Although it is divided into various sections, each headed by an apt preface, and although there is abundant variety of mood and articulation in the pieces selected, the totality of impression is a vast affirmation of the Everlasting Yea, an affirmation which fills the chambers of one's memory and gives one the strength to face the many crises in life. Not only a notable but a needed volume, says Mr. Untermeyer in the Introduction; and the tribute is just.

In his novels and his poems, the late D. H. Lawrence was preoccupied with the elemental facts of life, love and death. Terribly self-conscious, he often allowed resentments to rise to fever pitch—and this happened with increasing frequency in the latter part of his life. The bleak circumstances of his

early life, the audacious adventure that was his marriage, his life-long quest for health and happiness, the battles he waged with society and its stratified institutions, these together determined the curve of his extraordinary literary career. His work is unequal, and especially is this true of his poetry. Lawrence is thus one of those poets who gain in significance when read in a Selected Edition, and Mr. James Reeves has done his work of selection with wise discrimination. In his Introduction, he rightly assesses the distinctive qualities of Lawrence's poetry, its insight and force of individuality as also its prolixity and lack of memorability, and finds in the best of Lawrence "the almost unshaped utterance of a keen and vital poetic sensibility, valuing the expression of feeling and mood, rebelling against discipline and control." The greatest poetry, it has been said, is seraphically free from the taint of personality; but Lawrence's poetry is dyed thick with his personality, and that is the reason for its failure as poetry. Nevertheless, in his best poems, he did achieve a correspondence between the idea and the word, the spiral of the experience and the rhythm of the verse. The nature poems—"The Mosquito," "Bat," "Snake," "Kangaroo," "Humming-Bird," "The Blue Jay"—are among his best and, reading them, we are able to see, hear and feel these creatures as also see, hear, and feel Lawrence himself. "Baby Running Barefoot" is admirably evocative, perfect in form and articulation, and the final couplet is perhaps the most beautiful thing that Lawrence ever wrote:—

> Cool as syringa buds in morning hours,
> Or firm and silken as young peony flowers.

The epigrams, on the other hand, have the right mixture of malice and truth, while poems like "The Ship of Death" surge from the depths and have accordingly the accents of prophecy:—

> We are dying, we are dying, so all we can do
> is now to be willing to die, and to build the ship
> of death to carry the soul on the longest journey.

According to Mr. Reeves, "technical perfection without poetic insight—in short, slickness—is the commonest fault of English poetry today." This sounds too sweeping a generalization, but not quite an unwarranted one, as may be illustrated with reference to the pieces included in *Poems 1951*. The Arts Council of Great Britain offered £1,100 of prize-money to encourage the creation of poetry. There were 2,093 entries—among them "a great deal of bad verse, ranging in ineptitude from the expanded cracker-motto to grandiloquent failures to imitate *Paradise Lost*." The judges were Sir Kenneth Clark, Sir Maurice Bowra, Lord David Cecil, John Hayward, George Rylands and Prof. Basil Willey. The eight winning entries are now published with an Introduction by one of the judges, Mr. Hayward. Although the contemporaneity of these eight entries cannot be in question, none of them marks any serious breach with tradition, either in form or in expression. What they lack as a general rule is bite, the burn of poignancy, the accents of sheer memorability.

On the other hand, it is a salutary thought that so impressive a body of distinguished verse could still be written and recognized and published. Clive Sansom's "The Witnesses" is described as "a composite portrait"—a portrait of Jesus Christ—and consists of 33 poems, a panoramic sequence in which the many persons who had come in contact with Jesus in one way or another carry his story from stage to stage till the agony on the Cross. The different items are written in different metres, and each item is a double testimony—revealing both the speaker and a fresh facet of Jesus. "The Impertinent Friends" by G. B. Walker is another remarkable achievement, distantly reminding one of Sean O'Casey's play, *Within the Gates*. Mr. Walker's Sebastian says in defence of the long poem:—

> At least there'd be some basis for assessment,
> You can't get to grips with a dozen lines.

Here, again, there is ample variety in mood, sentiment and rhythm, and technical ability of a high order. Mr. J. P. Fletcher's "Unprofitable Journey?" is ambiguous and disturbing like its title, and "The Wintry Priesthood," by Mr. Jack R. Clemo, tells the story of the "priest" achieving freedom of movement "in the newness of truth." The remaining entries are collections of lyrics by Robert Conquest, J. C. Grant, Theodore Nicholl and J. A. Redford. Whether as Nature poems or as poems ringing variations on a central theme like Blindness or merely as character-sketches, these are all vividly suggestive, and the colliery-poems by Mr. Redford are sharply edged and disturbing in their effect. In short, *Poems 1951* is a cross-section of contemporary poetic experience, and one rises after reading it quite hopeful about the future of poetry.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Sensa: A Mystery Play in Three Acts. Adapted from *The Idyll of the White Lotus.* By Mabel Collins and Maud Hoffman. (Theosophical University Press, Covina, California. 53 pp. 1950. $ 2.50).

This slender volume, excellently got up, will be welcomed by all lovers of allegorical and mystical literature and particularly by those familiar with the original *Idyll of the White Lotus.* This drama, the authors tell us,

> is a story which has been told in all Ages and among every people. It is the tragedy of the Soul. Attracted by Desire, the Ruling Element in the lower nature of Man, the Soul stoops to sin; brought to itself by suffering, it turns for help to the redeeming Spirit within, and in the final sacrifice, achieves apotheosis and sheds a blessing on mankind.

The play is shrouded in the myth and magic of ancient Egypt, its characters quaintly distant, yet possessed of an enchanting, eternal quality. Compared to the *Idyll* itself, *Sensa* might seem disappointing to some readers, especially towards the end. The language is uneven and prosaic in parts, occasionally bordering on bathos. ("When thou riseth, thou riseth!"—Act III, Scene I). The dialogue in the early part of the First Act tends to be monotonous and dull. The tension throughout the play is not adequately relieved. But, even as it is, the play can be extremely moving and deeply significant to those whose minds are ready to receive it. Perhaps it is only this "fit audience, though few" to whom the authors have addressed this noble venture. It could, however, appeal to Everyman if acted with dignity and directed with vision and presented either in an atmosphere of austere and sublime simplicity or with a wealth of appropriate scenic and musical effects, and some dancing interludes. Among the characters, the High Priests are very powerfully depicted; so also Seboua and the Lady of the White Lotus. Sensa gradually grows into a heroic and splendid figure even if the transition from a naïve lad into a young neophyte is not clearly shown. Altogether, this is a well-conceived work with real, solid merits and rich dramatic possibilities. It can be commended to the imaginative reader and especially to theatrical companies in colleges and schools.

R. N. Iyer

Vivek ane Sadhana. By Shri Kedarnath. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 436 pp. 1951. Rs. 4/-)

This is easily the best book of the year in Gujarati, for its literary merits as well as its sublime contents. The original essays in Marathi have been translated and given a high literary polish under the supervision of Shri Kishorlal Mashruwala. The first edition is exhausted and a revised Gujarati edition is in the press; the Marathi version has been published, and Hindi and English versions are under preparation.

The author is a modern practical mystic with long experience of mystic practices as a Yogi in the Himalayas, and yet, as the President of the Vyavahar Shuddhi Mandal, Bombay, is yet an active supporter of the moral re-

armament movement. Though revered by Ministers and the masses, he never wants anything for himself. His is the method of scientific investigation, ever ready to question any hypothesis on rationalistic grounds. He disbelieves in miracles at any stage, and warns his readers against blind faith either in opinions or individuals. He has a keen sense of humour and an easy style which carries conviction as he argues against the prevalent orthodox ideas about individual salvation, selfishness even in spiritual advancement, individual Karma and rebirth, superstitious beliefs in priests and priestcraft, and idleness in the name of contentment.

His philosophy of the collective salvation of society, of social as against individual Karma, and of the impossibility of "individual salvation" offers contributions to the subject which are original in many ways. He goes beyond the *Loka Sangraha* of the *Bhagavad-Gita* or the *Loka-Kalyan* ideal of Buddhism and the humanistic ideals of Christianity, and establishes a positive philosophy of the service of society through individual progress. He recommends Yoga as a continuous effort for the acquisition of self-control and a nobler sense of duty, diligence and a spirit of service towards humanity. Though a supporter (without being able to read in English) of the doctrine of the evolution of the Universe and of the human species, he is a firm believer in the Supreme Force in life towards which there should be a continuous feeling of gratefulness, humility and respect. Thus equipped, the human being can, through purity and self-control, achieve unison with the universal Force and obtain unlimited strength for securing the progress of humanity.

P. G. SHAH

Man, Creator or Destroyer. By GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 170 pp. 1952. 16s.)

The holocaust caused by the two World Wars has set men thinking. Wherein lies our choice? In destruction or creation, in life or death? It is a challenge that we must answer if we do not want to be, in the words of the author, "but leaves whirled and borne aimlessly by gusts of the world's wind."

Man, by his creative energy and the powers of his mind, the imagination and intuition with which he is able to pierce the veils of mystery investing Nature, shows himself "eminent above all else of eminence in this world."

The power of creation is in every person. "It is distinctly human—a spiritual use of his plain human endowment." But in this world of antitheses, the powers of creation are confronted with the powers of destruction, which have now assumed a range and a magnitude unprecedented in the annals of humanity. Mr. Stratton rightly says :—

> ...international violence is now so immense a menace to the whole world that millions of creative minds can do nothing else than invent, discover and organize for destruction. A thousand deep needs go neglected; a thousand great gifts to humanity must remain ungiven.

The remedy lies in ourselves :—

> To direct steadfastly, loyally, all that is in one's self into accord with what is Divine; to hold the person and the well-being of one's neighbour (and today all the world is neighbour) as no whit less important than one's own; and to fashion a world-wide community in which these commands govern its members.

The summing-up of the aims is as fine as the statement of the case in this beautiful brochure.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

The Estate of Man. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 156 pp. 1951. 15*s.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council.

Michael Roberts died in 1948. Mrs. Roberts has completed this book from his notes. Its theme is

> ...good husbandry, first in material resources, then in man-power, and lastly in our inner powers. In each of these, there is the lyrical side—the grandeur and beauty of the estate—there is horror at the devastation already wrought, and there is apprehension for the future...the resolving factor being the need to live in harmony and equilibrium with nature, which is the essence of good husbandry.

In the chapters dealing with "the economic potential" the world's main crops are surveyed with reference to the rising population; and the conclusion implied is that, while efforts must be made to feed all, family planning being given a chance, the Western race must be conserved at all costs. The author surveys also the extent of cultivable land and the problem of erosion. In the last hundred years, about a fifth of the world's arable land seems to have been destroyed. It must be reclaimed wherever economically possible. Forest conservation is stressed. Sources of energy are surveyed, with the same plea for economic and rational utilization.

Considering psychological resources, "The Reservoir of Talent," the author holds that, the intelligence of a few being responsible for all inventions, the judicious use of talent is imperative, suitable screening and selection being required to prevent waste. He infers, from tests in America, that Chinese and Negroes have a lower level of intelligence than whites.

The strain imposed on nerves by modern civilization, with its high tempo, is dealt with. Regimentation provides security for a while, but dulls critical faculties and creates a demand for compensating excitements. A world sufficiency of food, decent treatment of our nervous systems and discriminating choice of recreations (he praises such as restore a sense of unity with nature) he holds to be essentials for peace.

> The real problem. . .arises from economic geography.
>
> The ideologies...are rationalizations of deeper impulses of self-preservation. It is with the fear of hunger, and the fear of racial and cultural extinction that we must deal if we want to avoid war.

It is a pity that the author died before the book was completed. In its completed form, it might have been more sequential, with more guarded statements. He expresses himself clearly and his conclusions, though debatable, stimulate thought.

M. V. GOVINDASWAMY

Eastern Science: An Outline of its Scope and Contribution. By H. J. J. WINTER, PH.D., M.SC., A.INST.P., M.R.A.S. (The Wisdom of the East Series. John Murray, London. 114 pp. 1952. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

Eastern Science does not claim to be anything more than an outline, but within its limited scope it includes a wide range of knowledge and a useful classified bibliography, helpful to those who wish to pursue the subject further. It is an indication of paths to follow and a clear guide as to how they may be followed, rather than an intensive study of its subject. Like all the volumes in *The Wisdom of the East* series, to which it belongs, it should help to bring about a better understanding between East and West.

It points out that "certain fundamental ideas are common to thinkers of all races—the atomic theory is to be found both in Greek and Jain philosophy." So the ancient learning of the East forms the basis of later, more advanced, Western science, particularly in mathematics, chemical technique, medical discoveries, work in astronomy and astrology, astronomical instruments and hydraulic contrivances. The author recalls the tremendous influence of Arabic thought and learning on

Spain and Western Europe, and is particularly interesting on the subject of India, devoting considerable space to ancient and mediæval times, to the interchange of ideas between India and China during the mediæval period, and to Indian achievement in general. A brief quotation will give some idea of his ability to compress a considerable amount of information into a limited space :—

> The legacy of mediæval Hindu science is not, however, by any means exhausted by the purely mathematical attainments, and we give two further instances of its richness and variety. The medical tradition of Susruta was maintained, as indicated by the leaves of a birch-bark Sanskrit manuscript (the Bower Manuscript) found in Kucha, Chinese Turkestan, in 1889, and dating from the fourth century A.D. Further, the metallurgical achievements displayed in the Iron Pillar of Delhi, pure, malleable, and rustless metal welded to a tapering cylinder, exceeding six tons in weight, and in the pure copper Buddha at Sultanganj made by casting, are achievements which inspire the highest respect; both also date from C.A.D. 400.

This culminates in the chapter on Modern Times in an account of Jai Singh's observatories at Delhi, Jaipur, Ujjain, Benares and Mathura, of his instruments and astronomical tables. A final paragraph contains a salutary reminder of the dangers of materialism in modern technological advance, and recalls the value of the spiritual forces of the East as an antidote to the *malaise* of the West.

G. E. PEARSALL

The Story of Christmas: Its Growth and Development from the Earliest Times. By MICHAEL HARRISON. (Odhams Press, Ltd., London. 304 pp. Illustrated. 1952. 15*s*.)

Christmas has today become so materialistic, indeed commercialized a season that the study of Mr. Michael Harrison's delightful book not only opens up a veritable mine of historic data and folklore but makes one realize that however much we stand in danger of forgetting the Christian significance of the Feast of the Nativity, countless Yuletide customs practised all over the world still bind us to far older, archetypal images rooted in the Unconscious. Thus the *Christmas tree* which is often erroneously considered to have been imported into England under the influence of the Prince Consort, is traced back through Hanoverian times to the boughs and trees that decorated mediæval towns at festivals and although Mr. Harrison admits that there is no direct reference to candle-decked trees, he points to the repeated appearance of the *light and fire motif* which, through the Yule Log, symbolizes one of our earliest forms of cosmic apprehension—the rebirth of the sun. It might be interesting here to refer also to the illuminated cosmic tree which plays a part in certain versions of the *Grail* legend and may well be connected with Eastern stories.

A particularly fascinating feature of the book are the accounts of plays, mummings, masques and revelries varying from village *junketings* to the *baroque extravaganzas* of the Restoration which followed the era of Puritanical repression in which Christmas Day was officially ordained a day of work.

Geographically Mr. Harrison covers an immense range and he is particularly informative in regard to the light he sheds on the widespread *mysteries*, from their simplest rustic form in the "Crib" and the Epiphany Plays of the Stella (three Kings) to the Classic masterpieces of Lope de Vega. So, too, he gives us an insight into folk customs in the remote valleys of the Pyrenees where there are still vestiges of the ancient feast of the dead, and where Christmas celebrations, on account of the snow, have to wait for *Candlemas*—the ancient feast of the Mother Goddess who here takes the curious form of the Holy Cat (*San Gato*).

It is indeed impossible in so short a space to do justice to the richness and variety of the material treated in this volume, which is rendered all the more attractive by the lively text and the charming illustrations which accompany it.

HANNAH CLOSS

Two Eggs on My Plate. By OLUF REED OLSEN. Translated from the Norwegian by F. H. LYON. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 300 pp. Illustrated. 1952. 15s.)

This book is written in effective reportage. It tells an authentic story of spying and escape in World War II, and will doubtless attract a wide public. One example will suffice to give an idea of the tone and degree of sensitivity maintained throughout :—

> While crossing the street by the Marble Arch, I suddenly caught sight of an airman from the 330th Squadron who had been one of my best comrades up in Iceland....
>
> "What's the matter with you ?" I asked. "Have you lost your tongue ?" It came out at last : "But in Christ's name—we thought you were dead and buried long ago—weren't you killed in a parachute jump in Norway ?"

To those for whom war is "terrifically exciting" and who admire "the sheer bluff" with which enemies outwit each other, *Two Eggs on My Plate* cannot but prove stimulating. To those for whom war is the great human tragedy, however, and who do not regard callousness and deceit as being among the human virtues, it will read as a painful record of physical courage exploited and misapplied, a 20th century testament of the appalling trickery, lying and cruelty, which are dressed up as patriotism when Mars is on the march.

The saddest aspect of this book is that it shows no sign of redemption through suffering, or gleam of wisdom when the peace bells rang. There is no indication that the author or his colleagues, brave men who often narrowly escaped torture and death, regard their exploits as anything more than schoolboy pranks. Theirs is a naïve acceptance of violence and cunning pitted against violence and cunning, a blind belief in war as a remedy.

While some may read *Two Eggs on My Plate* with pity and concern and horror, it will doubtless fill the hearts of many politicians and commercial men, skilfully guiding human effort to profit-making preparations for World War III, with good cheer and high hopes of battle for the Olsens of tomorrow.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Book of Idols : Being a Translation from the Arabic of the Kitāb al-Asnām. By HISHAM IBN-AL-KALBI. Translated with Introduction and Notes by NABIH AMIN FARIS. (Princeton Oriental Studies, Volume 14. Princeton University Press, U. S. A.; Oxford University Press, Geoffrey Cumberlege, London. xiii+59 pp. 1952. $2.50, 16s.)

The importance of Ibn al-Kalbi's little treatise on the idols worshipped by the pagan Arabs before Islam has long been recognized. The original text, preserved in a unique and precious manuscript in the library of the late Ahmad Zaki Pasha of Cairo, was published by its learned owner in 1914; a second edition appeared in 1924. The book has been translated into German, and partly translated into French. This English translation is a very welcome addition to the bibliography of this important subject, and has been clearly and competently made by a distinguished scholar. The translation is well documented and liberally annotated. To the parallel literature should be added the relevant sections in Ibn Habib, *Kitāb al-Muhabbar* (Hyderabad, 1942), al-Shahrastani, *Kitāb al-Milal wa'l-nihal* (a new edition was recently published in Cairo) and Abu 'l-Ma'ali, *Bayan al-adyan* (ed. 'Abbas Iqbal). Mr. Faris's translation is wonderfully printed at the Princeton University Press, and makes a worthy addition to the excellent Princeton Oriental Studies.

A. J. ARBERRY

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[The following paper by **Immanuel Olsvanger** was read and discussed at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on the 15th of November, 1951.—Ed.]

CONTENTIONS WITH GOD:

SOME ASPECTS OF JEWISH FOLKLORE

Separated by space, we are united in spirit, we Asians. Some Europeans speak of the "Spiritual East." We Asians are of bones and flesh and boiling blood; but we are so endowed by the benign influence of our climes as to be able to read and to absorb the ever-present revelation of the Supreme Being. We are good friends with Him. He dwells within us; we speak of Him in earnest and in joke. Only fools will say: "Impious people! Even when speaking of God, they see fit to jest." Think of the Hassidic Rabbi who, while walking with a friend, saw a Jewish cab driver, in Praying Shawl and Phylacteries, greasing the axles of a wagon.

"What an uncouth man!" exclaimed the friend. "Even while he prays, he greases the axles!"

After a moment's thought, the Rabbi spoke: "What a truly pious man! Even while he greases the axles, he prays!"

The pious Jew is permanently engaged in prayer, oral or mental. In any Jewish townlet one can see the Synagogue beadle going from house to house and hear him chanting: "Arise, ye Jews, dear pious Jews! Arise to praise the Creator!" For so did God love His people, that He followed them into exile! It is the love of the God who constantly dwells (*shokehn*) amongst His children, and who is therefore called "Shekinah." One might translate it "God's Soul" or "the God-Mother," *i.e.*, God in His motherly relations to His children. God made an eternal covenant of Love with Israel. As a reminder of it the Jews put on Phylacteries containing a parchment scroll, on which is written the dogma: "Hear, O Israel, God is One." God, too, according to a *Talmudic* passage, puts on a Phylactery, and in His are written the words: "Who is like unto Thy people Israel, an only nation in the world!"

"God, Israel and the *Thorah* form one Unity," according to the *Zohar*. In a *Midrash*, a collection of utterances of wise Rabbis, are quoted the following words of God: "Of all peoples I loved Israel, of all my creations—Right: accordingly I gave my beloved creation to my beloved People! Israel, in that *ye* do Right, am I exalted." If a man performs the duty of an upright judge even for one hour, the *Talmud* says of him that, together with God, he is a *concreator of the world*. And God, the Dispenser of Justice, does not judge according to His own opinion alone. Not only does He solicit the opinion of His angels, but He receives with due consideration the views of wise men. Once a Rabbi of the *Talmud* encountered the prophet Elijah and asked him: "What does God do?"

"He deliberates on the verdicts of wise men," was the reply.

Once during the Day of Atonement, God even appeared in the Holy of Holies to the High Priest Ismael and said to him: "Ismael, my son, bless me."

The priest said: "Lord of the Universe, may Thy mercy overcome Thine anger."

A benediction, from whomsoever it proceeds, is always important to its recipient. After a combat of a whole night, in which God was vanquished by the man Jacob, the Lord of the Uni-

verse saw Himself compelled to bless the patriarch, and He named him Israel, the God-fighter. In combat with God, Jacob won an eternal bond of love with Him. That is the inner meaning of the Biblical Jacob narrative.

God being vanquished or His being limited in power does not appear in equal boldness in any other sacred literature. The ancient Indians, it is true, expressed doubt concerning His all-embracing knowledge, in the famous hymn of the *Rigveda*, the hymn of that religious scepticism which alone can bring out real religion :—

> Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here?
> Whence, whence this manifold creation came?....
> The most high Seer, that is in the highest heaven,
> He knows it!...Or perchance even He knows not!

Similarly, according to an ancient Hebrew conception, Wisdom is a spring which has an existence separate from God, and to which God alone first perceived the way. Thus Job says in one of his speeches :—

> Whence comes wisdom? Where is the place of understanding?....Only God knew the way to it....He prepared it and probed it, and He said to men: "Behold, the fear of God—that is Wisdom."

By revealing wisdom to men, God made it equally accessible to man as to Himself. Thus man can, by means of his human understanding, seek to influence Him, the Almighty. Thus Abraham tried to save Sodom and Gomorrah; and his intercession was rejected, not because of God's superior power, but by the force of impartial right. But He is always ready to accept sincere repentance, as in the case of Nineveh, when Jonah urged upon God that He keep His promise to destroy the city. But on several occasions Moses did succeed in inducing God to abandon His wrath and to show mercy to His people.

And God loved this prophet dearly and, according to the *Talmud*, wept on the day of his death, the story of which is told dramatically in the *Talmud*. The Archangels flatly refused to descend to fetch the soul of Moses. Only Samael, the Chief of the Satans, consented to do so, but he was forced to retire when confronted with the majestic light issuing from Moses' face. Finally, God Himself came down and ordered the soul of Moses to leave her body. The soul emphatically refused: "The body of the purest of men I do not wish to leave." Then God touched His servant lightly on the lips and drew out his soul with a kiss.

Moses occupies a unique place in Jewish legend. Even before the revelation on Mount Sinai, Moses had had some argument with God. He saw God inscribing the words: "Long-suffering is the Lord" and asked: "Lord of the Universe, long-suffering surely only to the righteous?"

God responded: "Also to the sinners."

Said Moses: "But didst not Thou say elsewhere that the sinners should perish?"

And God answered: "Thou wilt yet be reminded of our controversy of today."

When later Israel sinned with the Golden Calf and Moses begged for mercy, God waxed wrathful and said: "Didst thou not once say 'long-suffering only for the Righteous'?"

Whereupon Moses replied: "But did'st Thou not forsooth say 'also for the sinners'?"

Thus God was compelled to allow the plea. Not only does God allow His anger to be appeased, but He seeks out those who can help Him to reverse His unpropitious decisions. Thus, when about to punish Israel, He turned to Isaac: "Isaac, thy children have transgressed," but Isaac replied: "My children? Not *Thy* children? When they accepted the *Thorah*, Thou didst call them *Thy* children, and now that they have sinned they are *mine* and not *Thine*? Consider, O Lord, for how long have they sinned? The span of life is 70 years, and only after the 20th year can a man be held responsible for

his actions; thus they could have sinned only 50 years. Of these they sleep 25, they pray and eat for another 12½, in which time they cannot sin. Thus, they could have sinned only 12½ out of 70 years! Now, if Thou art willing to bear one-half of these sins, I am prepared to bear the rest."

And God had to consent. He has to admit that man created by Him and by Himself described in the *Thorah* as having a heart "evil from his youth" cannot commit an unexpiable sin. "If I sin, what harm do I to Thee, Thou Guardian of man?" is the grave accusation which Job throws in the face of God.

And Cain the fratricide, when challenged by God, "Where is thy brother Abel?" answered, so relates the *Midrash*, "Am *I* my brother's keeper? Dost Thou demand an accounting from *me*? I demand it from *Thee*, for Thou art the Keeper of all creatures. I killed, because Thou didst implant in me the evil impulse, but Thou, Supreme Keeper, why didst Thou not guard him?"

And God could think of no answer. He had promised in the *Thorah* to guard His creatures. He had failed. The *Thorah* is binding for Him as it is for man. His authority is limited by the Law which He himself has given. The following *Talmudic* passage illustrates that limitation. In a legal debate amongst scholars, Rabbi Eliezer disagreed with the others and exclaimed: "If I am right, may Heaven confirm it!"; and a heavenly voice was heard, "It is to be decided in favour of Rabbi Eliezer."

Thereupon one of the scholars exclaimed, "We pay no heed to heavenly voices, for God himself has written in the *Thorah* 'The majority must prevail' and we are in majority against Rabbi Eliezer."

Next day, Rabbi Nathan encountered the prophet Elijah, of whom he asked: "What did God do at that Hour?" and the prophet replied: "Laughter was in His voice and He said: 'My children outvoted me.'"

It may be said that the relationship between God and man is here more intimate than that between father and child. He is both Father and Brother to man. "The Holy One, blessed be His name, designates His people Brothers," says a *Midrash*, "and it is not like brothers who dislike one another, but like Moses and Aaron, who loved one another, and each was happy in the greatness of the other." How elevating this thought of the Brotherhood of God! Francesco d'Assisi proclaimed the Brotherhood of Nature whilst preaching to his "sister birds," his "brother fishes," his "brother wolves." His "holy communion with Nature" led him to the idea of the Brotherhood of Nature. The Rabbis in their holy communion with God arrived at the idea of the "Brotherhood of God." To this conception the saintly hermit of Assisi could not rise.

It is, however, the learned scholars first and foremost that stand thus intimately with God. In some matters the right to influence the decision of the scholars is taken away from Him, especially when they plead for justifiable mercy as against merciless justice. Mercy is the supreme virtue which must animate God as well as man. Even the most important prohibitions, such as that against writing or journeying on the Sabbath, cease to apply to a physician who must travel to the sickbed and write out prescriptions to save the life of a human being, but only in that event.

And God too has to bow to this law. Once, on a Day of Atonement, when God inscribes in the Book of Life the fate of all men, the celebrated Rabbi Levi Isaac of Berditshev reminded God of this law: "Lord of the Universe," he exclaimed, "if Thou intendest to forgive, then affix Thy signature in the Book of Life; but if Thou meanest to condemn, then I, Levi Isaac, Rabbi of Berditshev, forbid Thee to write on this holy day!"

"If Thou wilt bring an unmerciful verdict, we, the righteous and pious, shall proceed to nullify that verdict!"

runs another saying of this somewhat overbold Rabbi. "Boldness is effective even in Heaven," says the *Talmud*. One need only understand how to force the issue as Jacob did.

Once God became embarrassed through the boldness of a Jewish layman. It was in a Roumanian town, whose Governor had inflicted a pernicious law upon the Jews. Now one of the Jews hastened to the Rabbi. "I desire," he said, "to have a suit with God. According to His Holy Writ we are His servants only, and according to the same writ no one has the right to punish the servant of another. Therefore God must render null and void the Governor's law."

The Rabbi replied, "It is the rule that after a case has been presented by both parties, both of them must leave the chamber. Therefore you should now go. But as the departure of the other party, namely, of God, is neither desirable nor possible, for He is Omnipresent and without Him we cannot exist a single moment, it would be unjust to make an exception for Him and allow Him alone to remain. Therefore you may remain."

Then the learned Rabbis consulted the law-books and found that God had been entirely wrong in allowing the Governor to promulgate that pernicious law. They endorsed their verdict and God had to accept it. Three days later, it is said, the troublesome law was repealed. God has to be true to His promises, or He has no right to expect men to be true to theirs.

A certain Jew, appearing after his death before the throne of God, was asked the usual questions: "Hast thou been honest in thy deeds?"

Answered the Jew: "And Thou, O Lord! Hast Thou been honest? The Jews, who adore Thee alone, go through life in poverty, but the Christians, who assign to Thee a wife and a son, enjoy wealth and luxury! Why didst Thou not care for my welfare as Thou didst promise? I should like to see what would be Thy course, if Thou wert in reality burdened with a wife and children and had a God who cared for Thee as Thou carest for us!"

And there was silence on the part of the Lord of the Universe.

"If Thou wert a man, experiencing human suffering, Thou wouldst be more gentle in Thy treatment," is the inner meaning of this jest, a thought genuinely characteristic of the Jewish folk-soul, lying as it does at the root of one of the more powerful creations of the Jewish mentality, namely, at that of Christianity.

Modern Jewish folklore abounds in stories of contentions with and complaints against the Almighty. "God took from me 10,000 roubles and then —my wife," complained a Jew against God before a Rabbi. "How unjust, how unreasonable! One would not have expected such a deed of God; much rather, He should first have taken my wife, the 10,000 roubles afterwards; for then I had got me a new wife with another 10,000 roubles as dowry; and then each of us, both God and I, would have a wife and 10,000 roubles!"

The story goes no further. But if the Rabbi did decide, then God would have surely been obliged to return the money!

Cognate with the dispute with God is the dispute on God's behalf, or—in the Jewish case—on behalf of this people's conception of God. Here is an example: A Christian priest asked a Rabbi with whom he was on friendly terms: "Why do you persist in believing in a 'God of vengeance?' Why not accept our God of Love?"

Answered the Rabbi: "What does the term 'God of vengeance' mean? It means that we cede to Him all acts of vengeance and we practise love! If now, with you Christians, the rôles are reversed, we certainly are not to be blamed."

There is deep truth in this jest. God of Love? God of vengeance? How can our human mind presume to ascribe human traits and virtues to Him, the Infinite? It matters little how we name

Him, but much how He permeates our life. In this respect, I believe, the religion of all of us, in so far as it is not a rote-learned dogma but a genuine experience of God, knotted with all our virtues and vices, passions and meditations, can be called *Henotheism.* Max Müller coined this term to describe the specific form of the ancient Vedic religion: a successive belief in single Supreme Gods.

If we substitute in the place of the Gods the attributes that we ascribe to Him, we shall clearly recognize Henotheism in ourselves. If we, as religious men, are called upon to bear affliction, we pray to God, who is for us in this mood of our souls the All-Loving. But if we feel a wrong done to us by others, and feel offence and anger—a natural feeling which cannot be dogmatized away—we pray to God to punish those who have wronged us. Here we forget that on another occasion we ourselves have appealed to quite another quality of God. As long as we mortals live as we do today, we shall remain Henotheists. Only after every oppression, persecution, hatred has been expunged from human life, will the idea of an avenging God vanish from our mind. This is the time prophesied by Isaiah, when the lion and the lamb shall graze together. The Jew calls that time " the day of the Eternal Sabbath. "

The Jewish Nation is, in the words of her prophets, a " servant of God, " but God is not Lord and Master, but Father, Husband and Brother, who requires the aid of the servant for the carrying out of the Divine plans. Thus the Sun with all its heat requires the aid of a cold magnifying glass to burn a hole in a piece of paper. This conception is not a " megalomania of a crowd, " if the servant of God is actively aware of the responsibility which his servitude places on him. The formula " God, Israel and the *Thorah* form one Unity, " was the source of this conviction.

In the various aspects of the Contention with God is to be traced the struggle to acquire this unity, that " sainted longing of the nation after a Higher Betrothal. " It is in the nature of things that the struggle assumes various forms according to the stage of spiritual development of the individual. Everybody can at the most become " like to the Spirit whom he comprehends, " to use the words of Goethe.

That other Spirit, which we cannot be like, because we cannot comprehend it, the All-Embracer, about whom we do not dare to assert " He is, " or " He is not, " the All-Sustainer, who shines in the tranquil glow of the rays of the rising sun, who glitters in the " starry sky above us, " who looks at us through the shining eyes of our children, and who pervades everything that has life or is life-giving—of Him whose Hand we perceive at work in ourselves with a childlike happy astonishment, we say at every time and in every clime: " Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts: the Fulness of the world is His glory. "

IMMANUEL OLSVANGER

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

A world state seems today inevitable, according to Dr. H. C. Mookerjee, Governor of West Bengal, but whether it will come into being "through mutual understanding, by force of circumstance or by disaster and futile war" remains to be seen. He was addressing a public meeting at Calcutta on August 25th in the hall of the Sadharan Brahmo-Samaj and Fraternity of Faiths Organization.

The shock of the last great war, he said, had made people realize that a common existence for mankind was inevitable if humanity was to survive. The lesson of human unity, however, is taught not only by shared sufferings. That the globe is an economic unit is being more and more clearly recognized. The appreciation of its cultural unity is the next great step towards "the harmony of the peoples of the earth."

It is certainly more worthy of human dignity to move deliberately towards world unity than to wait for circumstances to cut off retreat and be driven into it by the beaters, suffering and scarcity, like wild elephants into a stockade. Lasting harmony, moreover, cannot be imposed from without. It can come only from a wide-spread moral regeneration that shall put altruism above self-interest, individual or national.

The Present Question Conference, founded in 1945 to study outstanding modern problems, had "Conflicts of Loyalties" as the general theme of its interesting and vital meetings at Oxford from August 2nd to 9th. This eighth of its Conferences was attended by 180 delegates, with visitors from most European countries, Africa, Canada, India and the U.S.A. The conflicts considered included those between national loyalty and party loyalty on the one hand and the world community on the other; between morals and politics; art and authority; self and family; education and indoctrination; and the profit motive and social purpose of industry. All were presented by thoughtful, and in several cases highly distinguished, speakers.

Mr. Heinz Westmann, founder of the Conference, struck an important note in recognizing the fundamental problem for a free and responsible society to be less that of the acquisition of further specialized knowledge than that of communication between specialists themselves and between them and their fellow-men.

Prof. M. Polanyi, in an outstanding address on "Science and Faith," referred to the dominance of science today as so great that psychologists, historians and economists were "striving self-consciously to be scientific." By the sort of proof proper to science, he said, it was easy to prove that justice was the will of the stronger, but this sort of proof had no bearing on the beliefs that sustained us as moral beings, and which must be resolutely held. He said that in the last five years the conviction had arisen that "moral judgment did possess imperative power." That is a phenomenon, happily, that repeats itself from age to age. *The moral imperative is innate in man and no sophistry can permanently overlay it.*

The ironical fact, indeed, had been pointed out by Bertrand Russell, as Dr. J. H. Oldham mentioned in his lecture on "Man and Truth," that "just when the man in the street had begun to believe in science, the man in the laboratory had begun to lose faith."

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, giving the Convocation Address at the University of Jammu and Kashmir at Srinagar on August 18th, stressed the responsibilities of leadership and the paramount importance of character in those who guided the destinies of the nation. No State, he said, could survive the challenge of history unless its administration was entrusted to leaders "imbued with democratic faith, the buoyant hope for the future and the vision of brotherhood." External invasion was not the only peril which society faced; internal disorder, graft and greed, and also incompetence, constituted a continuous peril and had to be courageously opposed.

Incompetence, devastating as may be its physical and economic results, is in a different category from graft and greed. The latter, being moral defects, if allowed to go unchecked in the national leaders undermine the very foundations of community life, putting a premium on the flouting of the moral law. The leaders of a people are, from their very prominence and power, adjudged by the masses to be "excellent men," worthy of emulation. "The world follows whatever example they set." Heart-searching might well be undertaken by every public servant and every party leader in the light of Dr. Radhakrishnan's warning:—

> Unless the leadership comes up to this vibrating quality of vision, that they are serving a cause greater than their own, unless that kind of enlivening enthusiasm spurs them, the country will fail.

The Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society, which had for years been interpreting to the West the culture of undivided India and Ceylon before the recent political changes made necessary a change in the Society's designation, has had a wide influence, not only through its meetings in London but also through its excellent journal. The Society's recognition of the persisting cultural links between the three present political units and Britain was reflected in the cultural mosaic of the programme of the Summer School held under its auspices at Wadham College, Oxford, from June 27th to July 1st, inclusive. The subjects presented ranged from "Romance and Religion in Indian Painting," "The Indian Sword," "Bengali Poems—Mediæval and Modern" and "The Influence of India in Portuguese Art" to "Modern Pakistani Literature" and "The Language Problem in Pakistan," with lectures on "Historic Houses near Oxford" and "Tribal Life in Baluchistan" and "A Talk on Siam." There were besides a concert of South Indian music and films of India, Ceylon and Everest.

Such meetings are eminently worth while for promoting mutual understanding and world unity.

Shri C. Rajagopalachari, Chief Minister of Madras, inaugurating at Madras on August 22nd the Fourth Conference of District Medical Officers and Superintendents of Hospitals in the State, affirmed his belief that, as truth was one, the science of medicine was one. Therefore the making of every single idea into a separate system was a mistake. Naturopathy, he maintained, was not a system different from the others; every modern doctor practised it. The first article of faith in the modern system was that the natural processes in the body effected the cure. "Doctors supplied deficiency or removed poison and helped Nature to cure itself." There was, however, one difference in favour of the so-called "Indigenous" school:—

> The Indigenous practitioner had in him the essential faith and the firm feeling that the "human body is one and the various organs of the body are not separate and, therefore, the treatment should be unitary." From this fundamental article of faith, modern medicine had, for a time, strayed away.

Happily, it is increasingly being recognized that "the human system" includes more than the physical corpus, and psychosomatic medicine is pointing the way back to the need, stressed

centuries ago by Paracelsus, for consideration of the whole man and for recognizing the part which the emotions and the mental attitude play in bodily disorders and their cure.

The Chief Minister's advice was sound—that the followers of the several systems forget their prejudices, come together, "take out of the common fountain of truth and practise medicine as such."

There is no mirror to compare, for justice and frankness, with the expressed opinion of a sincere and fearless friend. The impressions of present-day India received by Mr. Louis Fischer, Gandhiji's American friend and his understanding and appreciative biographer, as expressed to the Bombay Union of Journalists on August 29th, deserve, therefore, very thoughtful consideration by all Indians.

He recognized the considerable progress made in carrying out the constructive programme—free India, he was convinced, had achieved more, for instance, than Russia had between 1921 and 1925—but he had been disappointed. He felt that India had neglected her villages, "and villages mean the real India."

> I had expected to find a democratic revolution going on in the country and I came to seek that revolution but there has been little change since you gained your freedom.... Revolution does not mean shooting. It means drastic changes in the living habits of the people.

India, he said, had yet to achieve "the essence of democracy," which lay in the relations of individuals. We understand Mr. Fischer's finding that Gandhism is dead in India. And yet the values for which Gandhiji stood are still a living power in many hearts and lives. But there is no doubt of the need for India's leaders and her people generally to return to Gandhian principles. Not the least of these was the importance of individual initiative and responsibility. Mr. Fischer's reminder is pertinent, that

> you cannot go on blaming your Government for failing to do everything desirable. In a democracy people work with Government and more without it.

The questions whether India's noble traditions and rich culture were worth preserving and, if so, whether totalitarianism would permit their survival, were put squarely to the new graduates of the Bombay University by its Chancellor, Shri G. S. Bajpai, in his Convocation Address on August 19th. Why, he very pertinently asked, abandon the objective named in the Indian Constitution, to secure to all not only "justice, social, economic and political" but also

> "liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship" as a right sacred to every citizen, because social and economic justice has not already been secured to perfection for all and, in the opinion of some, can be achieved only through violence and chaos ?

Choice was necessary between the two types of democracy, that "inspired by the ideals of the people's welfare and working through constitutional and peaceful methods" or "the dictatorship of the proletariat." It was not, Shri Bajpai declared, an academic question whether

> uniformity of thought and behaviour, the casting of each personality in one mould, the acceptance of the State's commands and doctrines without argument and without conviction in ethics, in art, in science and in the entire domain of belief and conduct [would] be a fair price for the blessings of the new and sublimated Marxist society.

The survival of the cultural values of any people is a matter of world concern and certainly the rejection of all of India's literary heritage that cannot be fitted into the frame of dialectical materialism would have far-reaching and disastrous consequences for world culture. A world that has found material objectives and solutions "not enough" is increasingly looking to India for values that can satisfy the questing human mind and heart.